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THE

BALLADS OF SCOTLAND

EDITED BY

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

D. C. L.

AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS"

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THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.

AULD MAITLAND.

THIS ballad, if genuine, must be regarded as one of the very oldest productions of the Scottish muse; for it refers to remote events, little likely to have been selected as a theme by a minstrel, even of the sixteenth century. It was considered as authentic by Sir Walter Scott, so intimately acquainted with this kind of literature; and also by John Leyden, whose opinion is entitled to more than common respect. My own tendency certainly is not towards scepticism in such matters; nevertheless, I must needs confess that I have grave doubts as to the genuineness of this ballad; and, at the risk of being thought tedious, I shall state my reasons for doubting.

The appearance of a collector of ballads in a country district, produces the same effect as the advent of a wealthy gleaner for museums, in Rome or Naples. All kinds of ware are tendered; some perfect and genuine; others genuine, but dilapidated; others whole, but counterfeit. With such a mingled mass before him, and nothing but his own judgment to trust to, the inclination of the collector will be rather to accept than to decline. He is afraid that, by too much fastidiousness, he may reject an original; and this feeling will be much increased if there should happen to be, at the

same time, a rival collector in the field. Such a rival there actually was when Scott was prosecuting his inquiries. Mr Jamieson, a man of talent, research, and industry, had engaged in the same pursuit; and, in 1800, the two publications were, according to Mr Jamieson, nearly in the same state of forwardness. I confess that I have grave suspicions as to the authenticity of "Auld Maitland," the longest ballad which Sir Walter received during his visit to Ettrick Forest, and which, as is apparent from his correspondence, he valued very highly. Writing to Mr Ellis in 1802, he thus describes his discovery of hidden treasure: "The principal result of our inquiries has been a complete and perfect copy of 'Maitland with his Auld Berd Graie,' referred to by Douglas in his 'Palice of Honour,' along with John the Reef, and other popular characters, and celebrated also in the poems from the Maitland MS. You may guess the surprise of Leyden and myself when this was presented to us, copied down from the recitation of an old shepherd by a country farmer, and with no greater corruptions than might be supposed to be introduced by the lapse of time and the ignorance of reciters." In the preface to "Auld Maitland," Sir Walter says: "This ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition, and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg, who sings, or rather chants it with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge."

My doubt as to the antiquity of this ballad is founded, as all such doubts ought to be, on intrinsic evidence. I have gone over it very carefully—not once or twice, but frequently; and I cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that

it is a merely modern imitation. No man alive can be more fully impressed than I am with the reverence and respect which are due to the opinions of Scott and Leyden, who both considered it to be genuine; nevertheless, my convictions are so strong, that it would be cowardice to conceal them. The diction appears to me to be throughout imitative; but what weighs with me most, is this—that the ballad is so defective in dramatic construction, that I cannot understand how it could have passed into, or been maintained by, tradition. No ballad can possibly be transmitted orally for centuries, unless it has a clear intelligible story, with a main plot, to which all the accessories tend. It must be made for the reciter, and so framed that each successive verse shall aid his memory. The ballad of "Auld Maitland" is either very ancient, or it is purely modern. There are no manuscript copies to fall back upon. Now, let any one who feels sufficient interest in such a question as this, try the following experiment. Let him con over the ballad until he has learned it by rote or by heart, and then, after the interval of a couple of months, let him attempt to recite it. I am perfectly confident that, unless he has acquired a *memoria technica*, he will break down. And why? Simply because the ballad was never made for recitation. It is singularly deficient in the very quality which tends most to the preservation of ancient song.

Real evidence, however, must always overcome presumption; and if it were anywhere stated that Scott or Leyden had *heard* the ballad recited by old Mrs Hogg, there could be no room for doubt. But I find no such statement. On the contrary, it is expressly said that the ballad was written down from her recitation by "a country farmer."

It is unquestionably true that we have no better voucher than this for the antiquity of a great many of the Scottish ballads; but here internal evidence becomes of much weight —we can judge of metal by its ring. That is not a sure test, but it is the only one applicable in cases where there is

no variety of versions, and where no manuscripts are extant. Let me try to illustrate this. If "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," which is printed in this volume, had been presented as a poem recovered from tradition, orally transmitted for wellnigh three centuries, I should at once have pronounced it to be a forgery; and if asked to give the reasons for so very decided an opinion, my reply would be this—that no reciter could have carried it in his memory; and, moreover, that it did not exhibit the marks of attrition which we find in purely oral ballads. In rolling down the stream of time, the rough edges are invariably taken off, and the splintered stone becomes a pebble. "Auld Maitland" and "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray" have the edges very sharp—nay, they bear the mark of the hammer. The latter may be genuine—I believe it to be so—because it never went into recitation: the former, if it be genuine, must have been recited for centuries, yet the sharp edges have never received a polish.

If any of my readers are curious in such matters, let them compare the written with the traditionary ballads, which are contained in these volumes. As specimens of the first, I would instance "The Battle of Harlaw," "The Raid of the Reidswire," "The Battle of Balrinnes," and "The Bluidy Sark." As specimens of the second, "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Battle of Otterburn," "Tamlane," and "Annie of Lochroyan." One class of ballads is rough and angular; the other polished and smooth.

After all, this is mere matter of opinion; but, as I have undertaken the somewhat onerous task of editing the Ballads of Scotland, I consider myself bound to state my own impression with regard to the authenticity of the material; and if, in the present instance, competent judges shall consider me to be heretical, I shall be most happy, on moderate penance, to give in my entire recantation.

The ballad, as printed below, is taken from the "Border Minstrelsy."

THERE lived a king in southern land,
King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
Was large of blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,
And kneel'd low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
I crave to ask of thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
I fain hae wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled * wight men
You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall hae thae, thou sall hae mae;
I say it sickerlie;
And I mysell, an auld gray man,
Array'd your host sall see."

King Edward rade, king Edward ran—
I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
Assembled on the Tyne.

* Chosen.

And thrice as many at Berwicke *
Were all for battle bound,
Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned baith up and down,
Untill they came to a darksome house;
Some call it Leader-Town.

"Wha hauds this house?" young Edward cried,
"Or wha gies't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit right crousely:

"Of Scotland's king I haud my house;
He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Among them fast he threw;

* North Berwick, according to some reciters.

Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging auld Maitland keen,
Syne they hae left him, hail and fair,
Within his strength of stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage;
And what can us withstand,
Now we hae conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld King Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way.

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace,
There were auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at school, alas!

The eldest to the youngest said,
"O see ye what I see?
Gin a' be trew you standard says,*
We're fatherlesse a' three.

* Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.

"For Scotland's conquer'd, up and down;
Landmen we'll never be:
Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy?"

Then they hae saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse and a grey;
And they are on to King Edward's host,
Before the dawn of day.

When they arriv'd before the host,
They hover'd on the lay—
"Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way?"

"Where was thou bred? where was thou born?
Where, or in what country?"
"In north of England I was born:"
(It needed him to lie).

"A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renowne;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

"He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an e'e or bree;
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see.

"But sic a gloom on ae brow-head,
Grant I ne'er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain."

When Maitland heard his father's name,
An angry man was he!
Then lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down upon his knee—

He stabb'd the knight the standard bore,
He stabb'd him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast away rode he.

"Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,
"Now, is't na time to flee?"
"Ay, by my sooth!" they baith replied,
"We'll bear your company."

The youngest turned him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurr'd the grey into the path,
Till baith his sides they bled—
"Grey! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad!"

The captain lookit ower the wa',
About the break o' day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads
Pursued along the way.

"Pull up portcullize! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi' me to-night,
In spite of all England."

Whene'er they came within the yate,
They thrust their horse them frae,
And took three lang spears in their hands,
Saying, "Here sall come nae mae!"

And they shot out, and they shot in,
Till it was fairly day;
When mony of the Englishmen
About the draw-brigg lay.

Then they hae yoked carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes aboon the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night three o' the lads o' France
My standard stole away.

"Wi' a fause tale, disguis'd, they came,
And wi' a fauser trayne;
And to regain my gaye standard,
These men were a' down slayne."

"It ill befits," the youngest said,
"A crowned king to lie;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reproved sall he be."

He went before king Edward strait,
And kneel'd low on his knee;
"I wad hae leave, my lord," he said,
"To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turned him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, "Man, thou's hae leave to speak,
Tho' thou should speak a' day."

"Ye said, that three young lads o' France,
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay:

"But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland sons are we;

"Nor is there men, in a' your host,
Daur fight us three to three."
"Now, by my sooth," young Edward said,
"Weel fitted ye shall be!

"Piercy sall wi' the eldest fight,
And Ethert Lunn wi' thee:
William of Lancaster, the third,
And bring your fourth to me!"

"*Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot* *
Has cow'rd beneath thy hand:
For every drap of Maitland blood,
I'll gie a rig of land."

He clanked Piercy ower the head,
A deep wound and a saír,

* The two first lines are modern, to supply an imperfect stanza.

Till the best blood o' his bodie
Came rinning down his hair.

"Now I have slayne ane; slay ye the twa;
And that's gude companye;
And if the twa suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me."

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
Had many battles seen;
He set the youngest wonder sair,
Till the eldest he grew keen—

"I am nae king, nor nae sic thing:
My word it shanna stand!
For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

He clankit Ethert ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood of his bodie
Came rinning ower his hair.

"Now I've slayne twa; slay ye the ane;
Is na that gude companye?
And tho' the ane suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help o' me."

The twa-some they hae slayne the ane;
They maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee;

"We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain wad fighting see."

This boasting, when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he!
"I'll tak yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee!"

"Now God forbid," king Edward said,
"That ever thou suld try!
Three worthy leaders we hae lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

"If thou shouldst hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be!"
But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.

The first stroke that young Edward gae,
He struck wi' might and mayn;
He clove the Maitlan's helmet stout,
And bit right nigh the brayn.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
An angry man was he!
He let his weapon frae him fa',
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
Till on the grund he light,
Where he has halden young Edward,
Tho' he was great in might.

"Now let him up," King Edward cried,
"And let him come to me!

And for the deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt hae erldomes three!"

"It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
In Scotland, when I'm hame,
That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er gat up again!"

He pierced him through and through the heart;
He maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
Beside the other three.

"Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
Make me a bed o' strae!
I wish I hadna lived this day,
To mak my heart sae wae."

"If I were ance at London tower,
Where I was wont to be,
I never mair suld gang frae hame,
Till borne on a bier tree."

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

MR MOTHERWELL states that a version of this ballad, of which he gives a copy, is preserved in the Pepysian collection at Cambridge. Messrs Kinloch and Buchan have recovered copies from recitation, and the following has been framed by collation.

THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Blawing his horn baith loud and shrill,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And the bonnie knight that blaws the horn,"
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

She had na sooner thae words said;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Than the Elfin knight cam to her side:
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"Thou art too young a maid," quoth he,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
"Married wi' me you ill wad be."
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"I hae a sister younger than me;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And she was married yesterday."
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa').

"Married to me ye shall be nane;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Till ye mak me a sark without a seam;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun shape it, knifeless, sheerless,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun sew it, needle, threadless;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun wash it within a well,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Whaur dew never wat, nor rain ever fell,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun dry it upon a thorn,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
That never budded sin' Adam was born."
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"O gin that kindness I do for thee;
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
There's something ye maun do for me.
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"I hae an acre o' gude lea-land,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Between the saut sea and the strand;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"Ye'll plough it wi' your blawing horn,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye will sow it wi' pepper corn,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun harrow't wi' a single tyne,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And shear it wi' a sheep's shank bane;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

And bigg a cart o' lime and stane,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And Robin Redbreast maun trail it hame,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun barn it in a mouse-hole,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun thresh it in your shoe sole;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun winnow it wi' your loof,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun sack it in your glove;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"And ye maun dry it, but candle or coal,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun grind it, but quern or mill;
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"When ye hae done, and finish'd your wark,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Then come to me, and ye'se get your sark!"
(And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

EDWARD.

THIS ballad was first printed in Percy's "Reliques," from a manuscript transmitted by Lord Hailes. In that copy the spelling is so peculiar as to have excited suspicion in certain quarters that the ballad was not genuine, but was, like "Hardyknute," an ingenious modern invention. This is, however, by far too slender a ground to justify such an impugnment. Most of the Scottish ballads in the "Reliques" are given with the same kind of orthography; and it was in order to make it conformable to ancient practice, that the spelling of "Hardyknute" is so elaborately antique. But speculation on this point is unnecessary, because there is a ruder version of the same ballad still current in Scotland, which has been given by Mr Motherwell under the title of "Son Davie." It commences thus :—

"What bluid's that on thy coat-lap ?
Son Davie ! son Davie !
What bluid's that on thy coat-lap ?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid of my great hawk,
Mother lady ! mother lady !
It is the bluid of my great hawk,
And the truth I hae tauld to thee O."

It is not at all improbable that Mr Motherwell's version is the true one, and that "Edward" was altered by Lord Hailes, before it was transmitted to Percy. But as that is

merely conjectural, I adhere to the version first printed, more especially because it was afterwards adopted by Herd in his collection, with a reasonable change of orthography.

"WHY does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
"O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude:
And I hae nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward:
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
"O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
That erst was fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair;
Some other dule ye drie, O."
"O, I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my father dear,
Alas! and wae is me, O."

"And whatten penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your touirs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your touirs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"
"The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mither, mither:
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O."

"And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

LORD BEICHAN.

It would, I apprehend, be a waste of time to inquire whether the hero of this ancient and very curious ballad, can be identified with any individual belonging to the families of a'Becket, Buchan, or Bateman. Even if that enigma could be satisfactorily solved, a more difficult one yet remains; for what oriental or Saracenic female name can be found, bearing even a faint resemblance to that of Susie Pye? I conjecture that this was originally an English ballad, introduced, possibly at a remote period, into Scotland, and handed over to the tender mercies of the reciters, who have made wild work of it; there being at least half-a-dozen versions extant, from some of which this copy is compiled. The best are to be found in the publications of Messrs Jamieson and Kinloch; and I charge myself with the guilt of inserting two stanzas, for the sake of connecting parts of the story.

In Mr Jamieson's collection there is a ballad called "Young Bekie," which that gentleman considers to be a variation of the following ditty. The incidents certainly are similar, but the language is different; and I am inclined to think that we have here another instance of the appropriation of a theme, without any kind of attempt to take possession of the words. As this is a matter of some interest, I shall insert the ballad of "Young Bekie" in the present volume.

PART I.

YOUNG Beichan was in London born;
He was a man of high degree;
He pass'd through mony kingdoms great,
Until he came to Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he ;
But neither unto stock nor stane
Wad Beichan ever bow the knee ;
Whereby they straight-way him have ta'en,
And brought afore a high jurie.

In ilka shoulder they've putten a bore,
In ilka bore they've put a tree ;
And they have made him trail the wine,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But Beichan was a christened man,
And to his faith aye firm stood he ;
Sae they've cast him in a dungeon deep,
Where he mat neither hear nor see.

The Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Susie Pye ;
And ilka day, as she gaed out,
She went young Beichan's prison by.

And ance it fell upon a day,
About the middle o' the spring,
As she was in her garden fair,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing.

"My hounds they a' go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My younger brother will heir my land,
For England again I ne'er will see!"

She went away unto her chamber,
All night she never closed her e'e ;

And when the day begowd to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She's ta'en a ring frae aff her finger,
Gied it the keeper for his fee;
And he has thrawn the prison door,
And Susie Pye has got the key.

"O wha is this," young Beichan he says,
"That steers me or my sleep is gane?
O weel was me, out owre the sea,
For sure I dreim'd I was at hame!"

"O hae ye ony lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie?
And what wad ye gie to the lady fair,
Frae prison strang wad set ye free?"

"It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' mony a castle fair to see;
And I wad gie a' to that lady gay,
Frae prison strang wad set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

He's gi'en her the truth o' his right hand,
He has sworn to her upon his knee;
The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie.

And she has gi'en him the gude white bread,
And made him drink o' the blude-red wine,

And bidden him somewhile think on her,
That sae kindly freed him out o' pyne.

"It's seven lang years I'll mak' a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
If ye will na wed wi' anither woman,
It's I will wed nae man but you!"

She's ta'en him down to the sea-shore,
She's set him in a ship of fame;
Says, "O be sure now, love Beichan,
Ye dinna forget me when ye win hame!"

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
And lowly, lowly louted he;
"Ere seven years come to an end,
I'll tak' you to mine ain countrie."

PART II.

Lord Beichan has come to London town;
And, wow, but a happy man was he!
The ladies a' around him thranged,
To see him come frae slaverie.

But his lady mother wi' grief was dead,
His brothers a' ayont the sea;
His castles they were tenantless,
And wasted was his land sae free.

But gowd can weel mak' a' thing straight,
However it may seem a-gee;

And no a lord in a' England,
Was serv'd like him sae royallie.

But Susie Pye, her heart was sair,
She couldna rest her love to see;
And as she in her garden gaed,
She heard a birdie on the tree.

It's "Susie Pye!" and "Susie Pye!
Sweet Susie Pye, why bide ye here?
The truth o' man, tho' it be strang,
Is weel worn out in seven lang year!"

She's set her foot on gude ship-board,
She's turned her back on her ain countrie;
And when she came to England's shore,
The bells were ringing merrilie.

And there she spied a little boy,
Was feeding his sheep upon a lea;
"Come tell me now, thou little boy,
Why ring the bells sae merrilie?"

"O there's a weddin' in yonder ha',
Has lasted thirty days and three;
Lord Beichan winna bed wi' his bride,
For love o' ane that's ayont the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the red and the white monie;
"Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the gude news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirled softly at the pin;

And sae ready was the proud porter
To open and let the lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall amang them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighing, said that lady fair,
"I wish I were in my ain countrie

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece o' bread,
But and a cup of his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose him out o' pyne."

Then in and cam' the proud porter,
I wat he gae three shouts and three;—
"The fairest lady stands at your yett,
That ever my twa e'en did see.

"She has a ring on ilka finger,
And on her midfinger has three;
And as meikle gowd upon her head,
As wad an earldom buy to thee."

Then up bespak the bride's mother,
I wat an angry woman was she;—
"Ye might hae excepted our bonny bride,
And mair that's in this companie!"

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mat she be;

But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

"My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
But and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids ye mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
I wat he gar'd the table flee :—
"I wad gie a' my yearly rent,
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea!"

Then quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave ye life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e;
"Now fare ye weel, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think nae mair on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever will I wed but her
That's done and dree'd sae much for me!"

Syne up bespak the bride's mother;
She was never heard to speak sae free :—

"Ye'll no forsake my ae daughter,
Though Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Take hame, take hame, your daughter, Madam,
For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
She cam' to me on horseback riding,
And she shall gang hame in chariot free."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milkwhite hand,
He's led her through his halls sae hie;
And aye as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, unto me!

"Fye! gar a' our cooks make ready;
And fye! gar a' the pipers play;
And fye! gar trumpets sound thro' the toun,
For Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!"

HYNDE ETIN.

In the old Scots tongue, an "Etin" signified an ogre or giant, corresponding to the Raw-head and Bloody-bones of the southern nursery. The "Red Etin," in particular, was a bugbear much renowned in song, and was classed by Sir David Lyndsay with the "Gyre Carline," the mother of all the witches. Unfortunately, however, these supernatural ditties have perished; though Mr Kinloch, in his preface to the ballad which he has published under the above title, seems to think that the hero was neither more nor less than an ogre in a state of transition—a delicate monster rapidly approaching towards civilisation. I think, however, that this notion is sufficiently negatived by the later version given by Mr Buchan under the title of "Young Akin," which is not only more complete as a story, but of a much more romantic character, and which depends entirely upon human interest. But that version, as is often the case with the north country ballads, is badly expressed, probably from its having long formed part of the stock in trade of an inferior class of reciters; the language throughout is not of the same elevation as the ideas; and besides this, there are some traces of interpolation from other ballads. In particular, the commencement, as given by Mr Buchan, is obviously an adaptation of part of "Tamlane." Finding that I could not, by any exercise of ingenuity, reconcile the existing versions so as to render the ballad an attractive one, I was disposed to use more license in this than in any other instance; not departing from the story, nor even altering the language, when that was worthy

to be retained. But I soon discovered that the operation was as ungrateful as the trimming of a quick-set hedge; and was fain, after a few strokes of the bill-hook, to leave it with its roughness and its thorns.

LADY Margaret stood in her bower-door,
Kaiming down her yellow hair;
She heard a note in Elmond wood,
And wished that she were there.

She heard the sound of the hunting-horn,
Amang the leaves sae green,
And she's awa' to the gay greenwood,
Though it was late at e'en.

And first she gaed by the hazel-bush,
And syne by the birken shaw,
But till she came to the white thorn-tree,
Nae living man she saw.

Then up and started Hynde Etin,
From the shadow where he lay;
"O seek ye flowers, or seek ye dew,
This bonnie night of May?

"You're welcome to the wood, Marg'ret,
You're welcome here to me;
A fairer bower than e'er you saw,
I'll bigg this night for thee."

"O na, O na, Etin," she said,
"Ye'll bigg nae bower for me,
For I am an Earlie's ae daughter,
And his simple page are ye."

He has ta'en her by the grass-green sleeve,
And loosed her gowden kaim;
"The maiden that walks in the gay greenwood,
Shall ne'er go maiden hame."

He has bigged a bower beside the thorn,
He has fenced it up wi' stane,
And there within the Elmond wood,
They twa has dwelt their lane.

He kept her in the Elmond wood,
For twelve long years and mair;
And six fair sons to Hynde Etin,
Did that gay lady bear.

It fell out ance upon a day,
To the hunting he has gane;
And he has ta'en his eldest son,
To gang alang wi' him.

When they were in the gay greenwood,
They heard the mavis sing;
When they were up aboon the brae,
They heard the kirk bells ring.

"O I wad ask ye something, father,
An' ye wadna angry be!"
"Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me."

"My mother's cheeks are aft-times wet,
It's seldom they are dry;
What is't that gars my mother greet,
And sob sae bitterlie?"

"Nae wonder she suld greet, my boy,
Nae wonder she suld pine,
For it is twelve long years and mair,
She's seen nor kith nor kin,
And it is twelve long years and mair,
Since to the kirk she's been.

"Your mother was an Earl's daughter,
And came of high degree,
And she might hae wedded the first in the land,
Had she no been stown by me.

"For I was but her father's page,
And served him on my knee;
And yet my love was great for her,
And sae was hers for me.

"But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin' on the tree,
And ye'll carry them hame to your mother,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upon another day,
Hynde Etin thought it lang;
And he is to the uplan' bent,
As fast as he could gang.

"O I wad ask ye something, mother,
An' ye wadna angry be."
"Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ask onything at me!"

"As we ga'ed to the hind hunting,
I heard the kirk bells ring,

And O but they rang bonnilie,
Beyond all other thing."

"My blessing on your heart, my boy,
O were I there alane!
I hae na been in the haly kirk,
Sin' twelve lang years are gane!

"O it's there my father and mother are,
And it's there that I wad be,
For I am the mother o' six fair sons,
Hae ne'er got Christendie!

"O come ye hither, my eldest son,
And hearken weel to me,
Ye'se gang now down by yonder road,
Till ye pass the greenwood tree,
And when ye come to the open haugh,
A gay castel ye'll see.

"I'll follow after, my braw young son,
And bring the bairns wi' me;
But go ye forward to the yett,
And take these rings wi' thee.

"The first you'll gie to the proud porter,
And he will let you in;
You'll gie the next to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben;

"You'll gie the third to the ministrel,
That's harping in the ha';
And he'll play good luck to the bonny boy,
That comes frae the greenwood shaw."

He gied the first to the proud porter,
And he opened and let him in,
He gied the next to the butler boy,
And he has showed him ben;

He gied the third to the ministrel,
That was harping in the ha',
And he played good luck to the bonny boy,
That cam' frae the greenwood shaw.

Now when he came before the Earl,
He louted on his knee;
The Earl he turned him round about,
And the saut tear blint his e'e.

"Win up, win up, thou bonny boy,
Gang frae my companie;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is nane;
If I look like your dear daughter,
For I am her eldest son."

"O tell me now, my little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's standing e'en now before the yett,
And my five brothers her wi'."

"O where are a' my porter boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come in to me?"

When she came in to the presence ha',
She fell low on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"I may not eat o' the wheaten bread,
Nor yet drink o' the wine,
Until I see my dear husband,
That I hae left behind."

"O where are a' my rangers bold,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search throughout the wide forest,
And bring Etin to me?"

They searched east, they searched west,
They search'd the country owre,
Until they found him, Hynde Etin,
Beside the lonely bower.

"Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin,
Win up and boune with me,
For ye maun come to the castell,
Our noble lord to see."

"O let him tak frae me the head,
Or hang me on a tree,
For since I've lost my ain dear love
My life's nae worth to me."

"You're head will nae be touch'd, Etin,
There's nane will do ye wrang;
Your lady's in her father's court,
For you she tarries lang."

When he came in before the Earl,
He fell down on his knee ;
"Arise, arise now, Hynde Etin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

As they were at the dinner set,
The young boy thus spak' he,
"I wish we were at haly kirk,
To get our Christendie !"

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be ;
This day ye shall gang to the haly kirk,
And your mother shall gang you wi'."

But when into the kirk they came,
She at the door did stan',
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She wadna come far'er ben.

Then out and spak' the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gae he ;—
"Come ben, come ben, my lilie flower,
And bring your babes to me."
And he has ta'en and sained them a',
And gi'en them Christendie.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

A FRAGMENT of this ballad was first printed in Mr Finlay's collection. The remainder has since been recovered, and has been frequently published.

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam' his bonnie bride,
Riving her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to bigg,
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

THE TWA CORBIES.

THIS ballad is copied from the Border Minstrelsy. An English version of the same, under the title of "The Three Ravens," has been published by Ritson.

AS I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a maen;
The tane into the t'other did say,
"Whaur shall we gang and dine the day?"

"O doun beside yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
Nae living kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wildfowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"O we'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I'll pyke out his bonny blue e'en,
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes maen,
But nane shall ken whaur he is gane;
Over his banes when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair."

MARIE HAMILTON.

THIS ballad, of which there are many variations, has often excited the curiosity of antiquarians, who have ransacked history and memoirs to discover some incident to which it may be referred. The special mention of the Queen's Maries identifies the reign of Queen Mary with the period of the ballad; and the character of Darnley was such, that an intrigue on his part, with one of the Maids of Honour, was an occurrence very likely to have taken place. But there is no record of any such scandal. However, Knox, in his "History of the Reformation," states that "a French woman that served in the Queen's chamber" had given birth to and murdered an illegitimate child, for which crime she was executed. Sir Walter Scott was of opinion that the ballad was founded upon that event, and that many alterations have been made in the course of tradition.

In that opinion I entirely concur; and I think, moreover, that it is borne out by the context of the ballad; for, unless the unfortunate girl had been a foreigner, there is no meaning in the pathetic adjuration addressed to the mariners in the concluding stanzas. Mr Sharpe has mentioned, as a curious coincidence, that a Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine of Russia, was executed for the same crime. I am not, however, prepared to accept this story, without some evidence as to its authenticity. Even supposing it to be true, the ballad could not have been founded on such an event, for the scene is laid in Edinburgh; and the composition, from its style and manner, must be regarded

as of considerable antiquity. The version here given differs materially from that contained in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," but is in accordance with the more common rendering.

THERE lived a lord into the west,
And he had daughters three,
And the youngest has gane to Halyrood,
To be the Queen's Marie.

She hadna been in the King's Court,
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she could neither sit nor gang,
Wi' the gaining o' some play.

The King has gane to the Abbey garden,
And pu'd the savin tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

Word's gane up, and word's gane doun,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe's awa'.

Then in and cam' the Queen hersel,
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair:
Says, "Marie Hamilton, where is the babe,
That I heard greet sae sair?"

"There is nae babe within my bower,
And I hope there ne'er will be;
It was mysel wi' a stitch in the side,
I was sick just like to dee!"

"O haud your tongue, Marie Hamilton!
Let a' thae words go free;
And tell me where is the little babe,
That I heard greet by thee?"

"I rowed it in my hankerchief,
And threw it in the sea;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It wad get nae mair o' me."

"O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton!
An ill deid may ye dee!
For if ye had saved the babie's life,
It might have honoured thee.

"But rise, rise up, Marie Hamilton,
Rise up and follow me,
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A gay wedding to see."

O slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

"Ride hooly, ride hooly now, gentlemen;
Ride hooly now wi' me,
For never, I'm sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie!"

As she gaed up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw mony a burgess' lady
Sit weeping at the Cross.

"O what means a' this greeting?
I'm sure it's no for me:
For I am come to Edinburgh town,
A gay wedding to see."

As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But or ever she cam' doun again,
She was condemned to dee.

"O dinna weep for me, ladies!
Ye needna weep for me:
Had I not killed my ain dear bairn,
This death I wadna dee.

"Cast off, cast off my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be;
And tie a napkin o'er my face,
That the gallows I may na see.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The day she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

"O aft, aft hae I dressed the Queen,
And put gowd in her hair;
But now I've gotten for my doom,
The gallows tree to share!

"O happy, happy is the maid
That's born o' beauty free!
It was my dimpling rosie cheeks,
That's been the dule o' me.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
That ye let na my father or mither ken,
But that I'm coming hame!

Ye mariners, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the sea,
O let na my father or mither ken,
I hung on the gallows tree.

"O little did my mither think,
That day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel ower,
What death I was to dee!

"O little did my father think,
That day he held up me,
That I, his last and dearest hope,
Should hang upon a tree!"

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMÉNT.

THE heroine of this pathetic ballad was Anne Bothwell, a daughter of Adam Bothwell, bishop of Orkney, who performed the marriage ceremony between Queen Mary and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. This young lady had an intrigue with, and was deserted by a son of the Earl of Mar, Colonel Sir Alexander Erskine, who was killed by an explosion of the powder-magazine at Dunglass in the year 1640.

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep!
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st thou sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did
To cozen maids; may God forbid!
For in thine eye the look I see,
The tempting look that ruined me.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His tempting face and flattering cheer,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesie;
For if she do, O cruel thou,
Wilt her abuse, and care not how!
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I was too simple at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

O gin I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjured and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness the babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son in my lap:
From me, sweet infant, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild,
Shall wail, as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart.
For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest hearts are falsest minds.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low?
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smothered in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I take
My smock, once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Oh me! how happy had I been
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alack, thou'lt weep for me!
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

GEORDIE.

THE following ballad was printed in "Johnson's Museum," and was communicated by Burns from recitation. I do not think that it bears any mark of having been altered by his hand, with the exception, perhaps, of the concluding stanza. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt, as there were several versions current, one of which, with a lively refrain, is given by Mr Kinloch. I have been unable satisfactorily to trace its connection with any event recorded in history, though it possibly may refer to the temporary disgrace of George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, in 1554, during the Regency of Mary of Guise.

THERE was a battle in the north,
It wasna' far frae Fordie,
And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady;
"It's ye maun come up to E'nbrugh town,
To see what word 's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she hadna read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't * like a lily.

* Withered; faded.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed;
My menzie a' gae wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mounted her gude grey steed,
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh toun did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the axe to heid him;
And Geordie comin' down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd wi' fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There wasna ane in a' the court,
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's doun on her bended knee,
I wat she's pale and wearie;
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!

"I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady!"

"Gar bid the heiding-man mak' haste!"
The king replied fu' lordly;
"O noble king, tak' a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie!"

The Gordons cam', and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady;
And aye the word amang them a',
Was, "Gordons, keep you ready!"

An auld lord at the king's right hand,
Says, "Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie."

Some gae her merks, some gae her crouns,
Some gae her dollars many,
And she's tell'd doun five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, "Dear hae I bought thee, Geordie,
But there sud hae been bluidy bouks on the green,
Or I had tint my lordie!"

He claspit her by the middle sma',
And he kiss'd her lips sae rosy;
"The fairest flower o' womankind
Is my sweet bonnie lady!"

GLENKINDIE.

THIS ballad, printed by Mr Jamieson, was taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland. The story is precisely identical with that set forth in the English ballad "Glasgerion," in Percy's "Reliques;" but the versification is so different, that I can hardly suppose the compositions to have been originally the same, but to have gradually been altered in the course of composition. I rather incline to believe that, in this instance, some minstrel had carried with him, from some meeting, the outline and general impression of a ballad which had been chanted, without acquiring the words, and afterwards had attempted to reconstruct it without any other kind of assistance.

I doubt not that the hero was the same person with the Welsh bard Glaskyrion, whose reputation was so great and widely spread, that both Chaucer and Gawin Douglas have associated his name with that of Orpheus. The composer of the Scottish ballad had, in all probability, never heard of the ancient Cambrian bard, and therefore took at random a title more familiar to the ears of his audience. It is proper to notice that the dialect of this ballad is of the kind peculiar to Aberdeen and the neighbouring districts, and differs in some respects from the south country or Lowland Scots. I have made one or two verbal alterations where the meaning in the original was obscure.

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
He harped to the King;
Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harp'd on string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out of a stane ;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breist,
That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And ay as he harpit to the King
He held him unthought lang.

" I'll gie to you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night,
Afore my nobles a'."

The King but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine,
And he wad hae nane but his ae daughter,
To wait on them at dine.

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did waking keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has harpit a gay,
And mony were the words o' love,
That passed between them twae.

Says she, " At dawing, when cocks hae crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door,
And streek ye by my side.

"But look you tell na Gib your man
Of naething that ye dee,
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"O might I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain?"
"O that you might, my gude master,
Altho' ye had slain ten."

"Then tak' ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidding for to dee,
And, but an ye waken me in time,
Ye shall be hangit hie.

"When day has dawn, and cocks hae crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang to yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side."

"Then gae to your bed, my gude master,
Ye've waked, I fear, owre lang;
But I'll waken ye in as gude time,
As any cock in the land."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit Glenkindie asleep,
Syne fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin,
When he cam' till that lady's bower
He tirlit at the pin.

"O wha is this," says that lady,
"That opens nae and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
O, open and let me in!"

She kent he was nae gentle knight,
That she had letten in;
For neither when he gaed nor cam',
Kiss'd he her cheek or chin.

He neither kiss'd her when he cam',
Nor clappit her when he gaed,
And in and out at her bower window,
The moon shone like the gleed.*

"O ragged are your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven are your sheen,†
And ravelled is your yellow hair
That I saw late yestreen."

"The hose and shoon are Gib, my man's,
They cam' first to my hand;
And I've ravelled a' my yellow hair,
Coming against the wind."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,

* Live embers. † Shoes.

Until he came to his master's bed,
As fast as he could gang.

"Win up, win up, my gude master,
I fear ye sleep owre lang;
There is na a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie has ta'en his harp in hand,
And hastily he ran,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan.*

When he cam' to the lady's bower,
He tirlit at the pin;
"O, wha is that at my bower door,
That opens na, and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
And in I canna win."

* * * * * *

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And then a young knight's bride."

* * * * * *

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cauld and dead,
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

* Stopped to take breath.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
Sae mournfully it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
Glenkindie's dowie sang.

But cauld and dead was that lady,
Nor heeded of his maen,
An' he wad harp till doomesday,
She'll never speak again.

He's broken his harp across his knee,
And on the floor it flang;
Says, "Lie ye there, for never mair
I'll need ye for my sang.

"Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee;
Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Weel payit shall ye be."

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
And he has hanged him hie,
And he's hangit him over his ain yett,
As high as high could be;
And syne he has drawn his bright brown sword,
And thrust it thro' his bodie.

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

VARIOUS versions of this ballad are extant under different names. Mr Buchan's is entitled "The Courteous Knight," and Mr Dixon has printed a copy which he calls "The Bonny Hind Squire." It first appeared in the Border Minstrelsy, in an imperfect form, bearing the name which I have retained; and it was more recently supplemented by Mr Motherwell, who recovered the conclusion

I am unable to give any explanation of the mysterious allusion to "Pirie's Chair."

'TWAS on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and doun,
Looking ower the castle wa'.

She lookit east, she lookit west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight cam' in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"God make you safe and free, fair maid,
God make you safe and free!"
"O sae fa' you, ye stranger knight,
What is your will wi' me?"

"It's I am come to this castle,
To seek the love of thee;

And if you grant me not your love,
All for your sake I'll die."

"If you should die for me, young man,
There's few for you will maen;
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green."

"O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
O winna ye pity me?
Hae pity for a courteous knight,
Whose love is laid on thee."

"Ye say ye are a courteous knight,
But I misdoubt ye sair;
I think you're but a miller lad,
By the white clothes ye wear.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer me questions three;
And but ye read them richt," she said,
"Gae stretch you out and die.

"What is the fairest flower, tell me,
That grows on muir or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bird,
Sings next the nightingale?
And what is the finest thing," she says,
"That king or queen can wale?"

"The primrose is the first flower,
That springs on muir or dale;
The mavis is the sweetest bird
Next to the nightingale;

And yellow gowd's the finest thing,
That king or queen can wale."

"But what is the little coin," she said,
"Wad buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
O hey, how mony small fishes
"Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think ye are my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair;
You are the first ere got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord o' nine castles,
My mother lady o' three;
My father was lord o' nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me,
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,
But he's far ayont the sea."

"If your father's lord o' nine castles,
Your mother lady o' three;
It's I am Willie, your ae brother,
Was far ayont the sea."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I doubt sair ye be,
This nicht I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

"Ye've owre ill-washen feet, Margaret,
And owre ill-washen hands,
And owre coarse robes on your body,
Alang wi' me to gang.

"The worms they are my bedfellows,
And the cauld clay my sheet,
And the higher that the wind does blaw,
The sounder do I sleep.

"My body's buried in Dunfermline,
Sae far ayont the sea;
But day nor night nae rest can I get,
A' for the pride of thee.

"Leave aff your pride, Margaret," he says;
"Use it not ony mair,
Or, when ye come where I hae been,
You will repent it sair.

"Cast off, cast off, sister," he says,
"The gowd band frae your croun;
For if you gang where I hae been,
You'll wear it laigher doun.

"When you are in the gude kirk set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak mair delight in your feckless dress,
Than in your morning prayer.

"And when ye walk in the kirkyard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face,
But wishes your grave were green.

"You're straight and tall, handsome withal,
But your pride owergangs your wit;
If you do not your ways refrain,
In Pirie's chair you'll sit.

"In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,
The lowest seat in hell;
If you do not mend your ways,
It's there that you must dwell!"

Wi' that he vanished frae her sight,
In the twinkling of an eye;
And naething mair the lady saw,
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

YOUNG HUNTIN.

THIS ballad furnishes an excellent illustration of the manner in which oral poetry becomes altered in the course of tradition. A fragmentary copy appeared without any title in Herd's collection. Scott gave in his "Minstrelsy" an extended and selected version under the name of "Earl Richard;" and another, communicated by the Ettrick Shepherd, and called "Lord William," appears in the same work. Messrs Kinloch, Motherwell, and Buchan, have given versions, all from recitation, called respectively, "Young Redin," "Earl Richard," and "Young Hunting;" and the ballad, as given by Mr Chambers, is compiled from the whole. The version which I now offer, is also a compilation, framed with a view to conciseness, by the omission of such stanzas as appear to be superfluous or interpolated.

LADY Maisry came frae out her bower,
And on her watch-tower stood,
She thought she heard a bridle ring,
The sound did her heart gude.

She thought it was her first true love,
That she had loved lang syne;
But it was her new love, Huntin,
Come frae hunting o' the hind.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
God make you safe and free;

I am come to take my last fareweel,
And pay my last visit to thee."

"O stay, O stay then, young Huntin,
O stay with me this night;
Ye shall hae cheer, and charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright."

"I thank you for your cheer, lady,
And for your courtesie;
But there's a maid by Brannan's Well,
That I love better than thee."

"O gin your love be changed, my dear,
Since better canna be,
At least ye will, for what has gane,
Bide this ae night wi' me!"

When he was in her arms laid,
And gieing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's ta'en a little penknife,
And wounded him sae deep.

"O lang, lang is the winter night
And slowly daws the day,
There is a dead man in my bower,
And I wish he were away!"

And up then spake her bower-maiden,
May Catherine was her name,
"An there be a dead man in your bower,
It's yoursell that has the blame!"

"O heal this deed on me, Catherine,
O heal this deed on me,

And the silks that were shapen for me, sin' Pasche,
They shall be sewed for thee."

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride;
A hunting horn around his neck,
A sharp sword by his side;
And they have sunk him, young Huntin,
In the deepest pot of Clyde.

Then out and spake a bonny bird,
That sate upon the tree;
"And hae ye killed him, young Huntin,
That had nae love but thee?"

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
Come sit upon my hand;
And ye shall hae a cage o' the gowd,
Where ye hae but the wand!"

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
I'll no come down to thee,
What ye hae done to young Huntin,
Sae wad ye do to me!"

It fell upon the self-same day,
The king was boun to ride;
And he has missed him, young Huntin,
Suld hae ridden by his side.
And he has sent to Maisry's bower,
To speer where he might bide.

And she sware by the grass sae green,
Sae did she by the corn,

That she hadna seen him, young Huntin,
Sin' yesterday at morn.

"But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and doun,
Ye'll seek it out and in;
It fears me sair o' Clyde's water,
That he is drown'd therein."

"Gar douk,* gar douk," the king he cried,
"Gar douk for gold and fee;
O wha will douk for Huntin's sake,
Or wha will douk for me?"

They hae douked in at ae weil-head,†
And out aye at the other;
"We can douk nae mair for young Huntin,
Although he were our brother."

Then out and spake a little bird,
That sate upon the spray,
"What gars ye seek him, young Huntin,
Sae early in the day?

"Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night;
Aboon the pot where Huntin lies,
The candles they'll burn bright.

"There are twa ladies in yon bower,
And even in yon ha',
And they hae killed him, young Huntin,
And castin him awa'.

* Dive. † Eddy.

"They booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride,
A hunting-horn tied round his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

"The deepest pot o' Clyde's water,
'Twas there they flang him in,
Wi' a stane upon his bonnie breast,
To haud young Huntin doun."

They left their douking on the day,
And douked on the night,
And aboon the pot where Huntin lay,
The candles they burn'd bright.

O white, white were his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout,
But when Lady Maisry she cam' near,
The blood came gushing out.

"It's surely been my bower-woman,
O ill may her betide!
I ne'er wad hae slain him, young Huntin,
And thrown him in the Clyde."

Then they hae made a big bane-fire,
The bower-woman to brin;*
It wadna take upon her cheek,
Nor yet upon her chin,
But it took upon the cruel hands,
That put young Huntin in.

* Burn.

Then they've ta'en out the bower-woman,
  And put the lady in,
And first it took upon her cheek,
  And took upon her chin,
And syne it took on the fause, fause arms,
  Young Huntin lay within.

FAIR ANNIE.

VERSIONS of this ballad have been given by Sir Walter Scott and Mr Motherwell from recitation; and in some respects, these differ materially. Mr Jamieson was furnished with two versions, from which he compiled his ballad, with some additional verses of his own, which are not much to be commended. But he has printed both the original versions which were given him, and I am inclined to think that one of them, called "Lady Jane," is, on the whole, the best. I have accordingly followed it, with very little alteration or assistance from the other versions, down to the concluding stanzas. I have also had the advantage of consulting an unpublished copy in the manuscripts of Mr Kinloch.

In the Border Minstrelsy, this ballad is called "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie." It is one of that class with which the reciters could take great liberties, in the way of addition or transposition; and that is sufficient to account for the various readings.

"LEARN to mak' your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I am going ayont the sea,
A braw bride to bring hame.

"Wi' her I'll get baith gowd and gear,
Wi' thee I ne'er gat nane;
I got thee as a waif woman,
I'll leave thee as the same.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my bright bride,
That I bring owre the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bright bride,
When she comes owre the dale."

"O she that welcomes my bright bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair,
She maun lace her in her green cleiding,
And braid her yellow hair."

"O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane;
When I hae born you seven sons,
And am wi' bairn again?"

He set his foot into the stirrup,
His hand upon the mane;
Says, "It will be year and day, Annie,
Ere ye see me again."

Fair Annie stood in her bower door,
And looked o'er the land,
And there she saw her ain good lord
Leading his bride by the hand.

She's drest her sons i' the scarlet red,
Hersel i' the dainty green;
And tho' her cheek look'd pale and wan,
She weel might hae been a queen.

She called upon her eldest son ;
"Look yonder what you see,
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your stepmother him wi'.

"You're welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your halls but and your bowers ;
You're welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your castles and your towers ;
Sae is your bright bride you beside,
She's fairer than the flowers ! "

"I thank ye, I thank ye, fair maiden,
That speaks sae courteouslie ;
If I be lang about this house,
Rewarded ye shall be.

"O what'n a maiden's that," she says,
"That welcomes you and me ?
She is sae like my sister Annie,
Was stown i' the bower frae me.'

O she has served the lang tables,
Wi' the white bread and the wine ;
But ay she drank the wan water,
To keep her colour fine.

And as she gaed by the first table,
She leugh amang them a' ;
But ere she reach'd the second table,
She loot the tears down fa'.

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin ;

And it was a' to dry her e'en,
As she ga'ed out and in.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' man boun to bed,
The bride but and the bonny bridegroom,
In ae chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,
To harp this twa asleep;
And ay as she harped and she sang,
Full sorely did she weep.

"O seven full fair sons hae I born,
To the good lord o' this place;
And O that they were seven young hares,
And them to rin a race,
And I mysel a good greyhound,
And I wad gie them chase!"

"O seven full fair sons hae I born
To the good lord o' this ha';
And O that they were seven rattons
To rin frae wa' to wa',
And I mysel a good grey cat,
And I wad worry them a'!"

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
"My shoon are on my feet;
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
And wha was't was your mother?

And had ye ony sister, Annie,
Or had ye ony brother?"

"The Earl o' Richmond was my father,
His lady was my mother,
And a' the bairns beside mysel
Was a sister and a brother."

"O weel befa' your sang, Annie,
I wat ye hae sung in time;
Gin the Earl o' Richmond was your father,
I wat sae was he mine.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It ne'er was wrong'd for me;
I had but ae kiss o' his merry mouth,
As we came owre the sea.

"There were five ships o' gude red gold
Cam' owre the seas wi' me,
It's twa o' them will take me hame,
And three I'll leave wi' thee.

"Three o' them I'll leave wi' thee,
For tocher gat ye nane;
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame!"

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN YARROW.

THIS pathetic ballad has been often printed with variations; some of the verses belonging to the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" and other compositions being interpolated. The version now offered is believed to be entirely genuine.

"WILLIE'S rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny,
And Willie's hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter night
I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

"Oh gentle wind that bloweth south
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

"O tell sweet Willie to come doun,
And bid him no be cruel,
And tell him no to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.

"O tell sweet Willie to come doun,
And hear the mavis singing;

And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.

"O cam' you by yon water-side?
Pu'd ye the rose or lily?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow-green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

KATHERINE JANFARIE.

THIS ballad, which is of much interest as being the undoubted original of Sir Walter Scott's famous ditty of "Young Lochinvar," has been circulated with a great variety of readings. That contained in the Border Minstrelsy seems to me in some respects defective, and I have therefore made some deletions, supplying these with verses from Mr Motherwell's copy, "Catherine Johnstone," which is very spirited, and to all appearance purer than the other, into which some stanzas belonging to other ballads have evidently been allowed to enter.

THERE was a may, and a weel-faur'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen;
Her name was Katherine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then cam' Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
And did her favour win.

Up then cam' Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonnie may hersel',
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he would come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she should be.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain;
But or he read the letter through,
He was baith pale and wan.

And he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land,
And four-and-twenty armed men
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them down on the lee,
And he's awa' to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
He heard the music sound;
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Sate at a table round.

They all rose up to honour him,
For he was of high renown,
They all rose up to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lauderdale,
For with him she would go.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups gaed roun',
But some began to whisper words,
And some began to frown.

"O come ye here for sport, young lord,
Or come ye here for play?
Or come ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding-day?"

"I come na here for sport," he said,
"Nor come I here for play;
But for ae word o' your bonnie bride,
And then I'll ride my way."

They set her maidens her behind,
To hear what they would say;
The first word that he spake to her,
She lightly answered "Nay."
The neist word that he spake to her
Was "Mount, and come away."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;

He's mounted her hie behind himsel',
At her kinsmen speer'd nae leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey,*
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

It's up and owre the Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae,
And blood ran red on Caddon side,
Before they wan away.

"My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Wha's blude ye have gar'd to spill."

Now a' you lords of fair England,
That are in England born,

* The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.

Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

BOTHWELL.

SEVERAL versions of the following popular ballad are current throughout Scotland. One is given in the Border Minstrelsy, under the title of "Cospatrick;" and another, called "Lord Dingwall," has been printed by Mr Buchan. The copy which I have selected is from Herd's collection, 1776.

AS Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane,
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine:

He cast his lot amang them a',
And on the youngest his lot did fa'.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,
Unto his strongest castle and tower.

But ay she cried, and made great moan,
And ay the tear cam' trickling doun.

"Come up, come up," said the foremost man;
"I think our bride comes slowly on.

"O lady, sits your saddle awry,
Or is your steed for you owre high?"

"My saddle is not set awry,
Nor carries me my steed owre high;

"But I am weary o' my life,
Sin' I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife."

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,
Up start the deer on every hill.

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,
Up start the deer in gude green wood.

His mother look'd owre the castle wa',
And she saw them riding ane and a'.

She's called upon her maids by seven,
To mak' his bed baith saft and even.

She's called upon her cooks by nine,
To mak' their dinner fair and fine.

When day was gane and night was come;
"What ails my love on me to frown?

"Or does the wind blow in your glove?
Or runs your mind on another love?"

"Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love;

"But I not maid nor maiden am,
For I'm wi' bairn to another man."

"I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and mild,
But I have nought but a woman wi' child.

His mother's ta'en her up to a tower,
And locked her in her secret bower.

"Now daughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi'?"

"O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the father o' my bairn;

"But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine.

"He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,
Frae the evening late till the morning dawn;

"And a' that he gi'ed me to my propine,
Was a pair o' green gloves, and a gay gold ring;

"Three lauchters o' his yellow hair,
In case that we should meet nae mair."
His lady mother went down the stair.

"Now son, now son, come tell to me,
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee?"

"I gied to a lady, sae fair and fine,
The green gloves and a gay gold ring.

"But I wad gie my castles and towers
I had that lady within my bowers;

"But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to be my wife!"

"Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
Ye have that lady within your bowers;

"Now keep, now keep your very life,
You have that lady to be your wife."

"O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk!"

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THE preface to this ballad in the Border Minstrelsy states that it was "obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, and is said to relate to the execution of Cockburn of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders." I have myself often visited Cockburn's grave, on a knoll by the side of a mountain stream which joins the Meggat near St Mary's Loch; and never, till recently, did I doubt the genuineness of the ballad, as applicable to the fate of the freebooter. But I am now reluctantly compelled to adopt the opinion of Mr Motherwell, and to state my conviction that it is a skilful adaptation of an old English ballad called "The Lady turned Serving-man," which is printed in the third volume of Percy's "Reliques." The three first stanzas are transferred almost verbatim; and I observe, moreover, that, in the two last, the adapter has borrowed lines from "Helen of Kirkconnel," and "The Twa Corbies." I cannot therefore hold it to be ancient in its present shape, and with reference to the incident to which Sir Walter Scott refers. Mr Kinloch has given a Scottish version of the English ballad, entitled "Sweet Willie," which has undergone the change to be expected. No doubt there are several instances of ballads being current, under slightly altered forms, both in England and Scotland; but in no case have I found the coincidence so close as here; and the fact that

lines are also taken from extant and undoubted Scottish ballads, seems to me a farther proof that the "Lament" can only be regarded as a cento. It is, however, a most skilful adaptation; and the language is so beautifully simple, that I cannot bring myself to omit it in this collection.

MY love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my maen,
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair:

O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

THE ballad which is commonly printed under this title is modern, and was the composition of Michael Bruce. The old ballad, though its merit hardly deserves such popularity, is well known throughout Scotland, and was first included in a collection by Mr Pinkerton. Mr Motherwell has given another from recitation, and from early stall copies; and I have availed myself of the same materials in the following version.

O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Baleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And his friends are out to take him.

Now he has gane to the house of Mar,
Where the Nourice was his leman,
To seek his dear he did repair,
Thinking she would befriend him.

"Where are ye going, Sir James," she says,
"Or where awa' are you riding?"
"O I am bound to a foreign land,
For now I'm under hiding;

"Where shall I gae, where shall I run,
Where shall I gae to lay me?

For I hae kill'd a gallant squire,
And his friends they seek to slay me."

"O gae ye doun to yon laigh house,
And I'll pay there your lawing;
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet you at the dawing."

"I'll no gae doun to yon laigh house,
For you to pay my lawing,
But I'll lay doun upon the bent,
And bide there till the dawing."

He's turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan,
And he has gane to tak' a sleep,
In the lawlands o' Baleighan.

He wasna weel gane out o' sight,
Nor was he past Millstrethen,
When four-and-twenty belted knights
Cam' riding owre the Lethan.

"O hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Baleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
And we are sent to take him."

"O I hae seen Sir James," she said,
"He pass'd by here on Monday,
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the heights o' Lundie."

As they rade on, man after man,
She loudly cried behind them,

"Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
I'll tell ye whare to find him."

"O tell us that, and by our faith
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."
"Seek ye the bank aboon the mill,
I' the lawlands o' Baleighan."

They sought the bank aboon the mill,
I' the lawlands o' Baleighan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Was lying in his brechan.

Then out and spake Sir John the Græme,
Who had the charge in keeping,
"It's ne'er be said, brave gentlemen,
We kill'd a man when sleeping.

"Rise up, rise up, Sir James," he said,
"Rise up, since now we've found ye,
We've ta'en the broadsword frae your side,
And angry men are round ye."

"O pardon, pardon, gentlemen,
Have mercy now upon me!"
"Such as you gave, such shall you have,
And so we fall upon ye."

Syne they took out his bleeding heart,
And set it on a spear, O;
Then took it to the house o' Mar,
And show'd it to his dear, O.

"We couldna gie Sir James's purse,
We couldna gie his brechan,

But there ye hae the bluidy heart
O' the young heir o' Baleighan."

"Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake,
My heart is now a-breaking;
Curs'd be the day I did thee betray,
Thou brave heir o' Baleighan!"

Then up she raise, and forth she gaes,
And in that hour o' teen, O,
She wandered to the dowie glen,
And never mair was seen, O.

LIZIE BAILLIE.

THERE are innumerable versions of this ballad, which is to be found in some form in every collection, and is popular at the stalls; but I have selected Herd's copy, as being probably the purest. It is not to be confounded with "Lizie Lindsay," another popular ballad on a kindred subject, of which I have given a version, under the title of "Donald of the Isles."

LIZIE Baillie's to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean;
And there she's met wi' Duncan Græme,
And he's convoy'd her hame.

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
I'll row you in my plaidie;
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
And be a Hieland lady."

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, sir."

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her Highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and satin;
And she's put on a tartan plaid
To row amang the braken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was na ten miles frae the toun
When she began to weary;
She aften looked back and said,
"Fareweel to Castlecary.

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme,
Was near yon holly bush;
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

"But I wadna gie my Duncan Græme
For a' my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a' at my command!"

Now wae be to ye, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecary,
To let awa' sic a bonny lass,
A Hielandman to marry.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

THIS ballad was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr Surtees, who had taken it down from recitation, supplying some deficient lines from conjecture. Although it may have better claim to be considered a Northumbrian than a Scottish ditty, I have given it a place in this collection; more especially as it has been well set to music, and is now very popular in the North.

THEY shot him dead on the Nine-stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the muir and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The saugh and the aspen gray;
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-well,
His wounds sae deep and sair;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the grey-friars sang the dead man's mass,
As they passed the Chapel-Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspen gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-stane burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the lady-fern.

A grey-friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till morning tide;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

MISTRESS MOUSE.

As ballads are for young and old, I give, from Mr Sharpe's Ballad-book, a genuine ancient nursery ditty. It is the original version of "Froggie would a-wooing go," and I recognise it with pleasure, as the first specimen of popular minstrelsy that attracted my attention.

THERE lived a Puddy in a well,
And a merry Mouse in a mill.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy cam' to the Mouse's wonne;
"Mistress Mouse, are you within?"

"Yes, kind Sir, I am within;
Saftly do I sit and spin."

"Madam, I am come to woo,
Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you nane,
Till uncle Rotten he come's hame."

Uncle Rotten he's come hame,
"Fye, gar busk the bride alang."

Lord Rotten sate at the head o' the table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is't that sits next the wa',
But lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma' ?

Wha is't that sits next the bride,
But Puddy wi' his yellow side ?

Syne cam' the dewke but and the drake,
The dewke took Puddy, and gar't him squake !

Then cam' in the gude grey cat,
Wi' a' her kitlens at her back.

The Puddy he swam doun the brook,
The drake he catch'd him in his fluke.

The cat she pu'd lord Rotten down,
The kitlens they did claw his crown.

But mistress Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa';
"Squeak," quo' she, "I'm weel awa !"

GLENLOGIE.

THIS version of a very popular ballad was given by Mr Sharpe, and adopted by Mr Chambers. Another but inferior copy is inserted in the "Scottish Minstrel."

FOUR-AND-TWENTY nobles sits in the king's ha';
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower amang them a'.

In cam' Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mang a' that was there.

She turned to his footman, and thus she did say:
"Oh, what is his name, and where does he stay?"

"His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home,
He is of the gay Gordons; his name it is John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,
My love is laid on you: I am telling my mind."

He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a':
"I thank you, Lady Jean; my love's promised awa."

She called on her maidens, her bed for to make;
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.

In cam' Jeanie's father, a wae man was he ;
Says, " I'll wed you to Drumfendrich ; he has mair gold than he."

Her father's own chaplain, being a man of great skill,
He wrote him a letter, and indited it well.

The first line he looked at, a licht laugh laughed he ;
But, ere he read through it, the tears blinded his e'e.

Oh, pale and wan looked she, when Glenlogie came in ;
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat doun.

" Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this side ;
And I'll be the bridegroom, and you'll be the bride."

Oh, it was a merry wedding, and the portion down told,
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old !

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS ballad, as printed in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," and in Herd's collection, bears so close a resemblance to the second part of "Clerk Saunders," that it might well pass for a mere variation. But Mr Motherwell's version, which I have followed in the main, collating it with one given by Mr Kinloch, differs so much from the above, especially towards the close, that I am inclined to regard it as a distinct composition.

THERE came a ghost to Marjorie's door,
Wi' mony a grievous maen;
And aye he tirled at the pin;
But answer made she nane.

"Is that my father Philip?" she says,
"Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true-love, Willie,
From England new come home?"

"'Tis not your father Philip," she says,
"Nor yet your brother John;
But 'tis your true-love, Willie,
From England new come home."

"Hae ye brought me ony scarlets fine,
Or ony new thing to wear?
Or hae ye brought me a pearlin' braid,
To snood up my gowden hair?

"I have na brought the scarlets fine,
Or pearlin' for your hair;
I've brought you but my winding-sheet,
And that you would na wear!

"Oh, sweet Marjorie! oh, dear Marjorie!
For faith and charitie,
Give me again the faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee."

"Thy faith and troth I will not give,
Nor yet shall our true-love twin',
Till that you come within my bower,
And kiss me, cheek and chin."

"How should I come within your bower,
That am nae earthly man;
If I should kiss your red red lips,
Your days would not be lang.

"The cocks are crawing, Marjorie," he says,
"The cocks are crawing again;
It's time the deid suld part frae the quick—
Marjorie, I must be gane.

"Oh, Marjorie, dear Marjorie!
For faith and charitie,
Give me my faith and troth again,
That I gave once to thee!"

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet shall our true-love twin',
Till you take me to your ain ha'-house,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"My house it is a lonesome grave,
Afar out ower yon lee;
And it's but my spirit, Marjorie,
That's speaking now to thee."

But she has kiltit her robes o' green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-long winter nicht,
The deid corpse followed she.

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she cam to yon kirkyard green;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And William he lay doun.

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That stand here at your heid?"
"Oh, its three maidens, Marjorie,
That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That stand close at your side?"
"Oh, it's three babies, Marjorie,
That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
"That lie close at your feet?"
"Oh! it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie,
That's waitin' my soul to keep!"

Then she's taen up her white, white hand,
And struck him on the breist;
Saying—"Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your soul good rest."

FAIR JANET.

FROM Mr C. K. Sharpe's Ballad-book, 1823. Mr Chambers has interpolated a few stanzas from Mr Finlay's version, "Sweet Willie;" but the ballad seems to be complete without any addition.

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet;
Ye maun gang to him soon;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are dune."

Janet's awa to her father,
As fast as she could hie;
"O what's your will wi' me, father,
O what's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French lord."

"A French lord maun I wed, father?
A French lord maun I wed?
Then by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
"He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa to her chamber,
As fast as she could go;

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And wha's the first that tapped there,
But sweet Willie, her jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between;
There's a French lord coming ower the sea
To wed me wi' a ring.
There's a French lord coming ower the sea
To wed and tak' me hame."

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It will cause mickle wo;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
I'll into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune!"

Willie's awa to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune!"

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon;
Some drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on.
And they're awa to Fair Janet,
By the hie licht o' the moon.

* * * *

"O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' mickle dule and pain;
Tak hame, tak hame your babe, Willie,
For nurse I daur be nane."

He's taen his young son in his arms,
And kissed him cheek and chin;
And he's awa to his mother's bower,
By the hie licht o' the moon.

"O open, open, mother," he says,
"O open and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew draps o'er my chin.
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma',
She lifted up the pin;
And, with her arms lang and sma',
She took the babie in.

"Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair ladye;
For, where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear,
"Make haste and busk the bride."

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;

And ill, oh ill, am I, father,
This day to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonnie bride,
And put a gay mantle on :
For she maun wed this auld French lord,
Though she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the broun ;
But Janet had on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the toun.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the broun ;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the toun.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet ?
O wha will guide him best ?"
"O wha but Willie, my true-love ?
He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk,
To tie the haly ban',
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin ;
"O we'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll go fill the ring."

O ben then cam' the auld French lord,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
"Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,
Your face I downa see."

O ben then cam' now sweet Willie,
He cam' wi' ane advance;
"O I'll gae tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll gae tak a dance."

"I've seen other days wi' you, Willie,
And sae has mony mae:
Ye would hae danced wi' me yoursell,
Let a' my maidens gae."

O up then spak now sweet Willie,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
"Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,
Though my back should break in three!"

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
When she fell doun at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise.

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee;
"Gie that, gie that, to my young son;
He'll ne'er his mother see."

Willie's taen the key o' his coffer,
And gi'en it till his man;

"Gae hame and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain.
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tither in Marie's quier;
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonnie brier.

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

I MUST acknowledge that I have grave doubts of the antiquity of this ballad in its present shape. The nucleus of it is a fragment contained in Herd's collection, entitled "The Cruel Knight;" but at some period, possibly remote, this seems to have been amplified into the ballad of "Young Johnstone," of which there are various versions, and it has now become part of the Scottish Minstrelsy. The copies given by Finlay, Motherwell, and Gilchrist are almost uniform; but that of Buchan contains one or two stanzas which materially help the story, such as it is. Neither history nor tradition throw any light upon the subject-matter, which, therefore, we may safely suppose to have been invented; and there are certain discrepancies, or rather anachronisms, which convince me that a new ballad has been reared on an old foundation. The military title of "Colonel" is comparatively recent, and does not assort with the "belted knights" and "broad arrows," also specified in the ballad.

If I had any reason to suppose that the ballad, in its present shape, was of merely modern fabrication—that is, made up subsequently to the publication of Herd's volumes—I certainly should have omitted it; but the number of versions extant seems to me to forbid that supposition. But in order to afford my readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment as to its originality, I shall insert, next in order, the fragment as preserved by Herd.

YOUNG Johnstone and the young Col'nel,
Sat drinking at the wine;
"O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It's I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your houses and land;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your gowd and fee;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the sea."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair;
And he ritted it through the young Col'nel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
And he's tirled at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late in coming in?"
"I hae been at the schule, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dreamed a dream, this night," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"It's seeking me wi' hawks and hounds,
I trow that weel may be,
For I hae kill'd the young Col'nel,
And thy ain true-love was he."

"If ye hae kill'd the young Col'nel,
O dule and woe is me!

I wish ye may be hang'd on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee!"

And he's awa to his true-love's door,
And he's tirled at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late o' coming in?"
"O I hae been at the schule," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I hae dream'd a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And my ae brither was dead."

"It's seeking me wi' hawks and hounds,
I trow that weel may be;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae kill'd my ae brither,
O dule and wae is me!
But I care the less for the young Col'nel,
If thy ain body be free.

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and tak' a sleep,
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully will thee keep."

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in the tower,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding to the door.

"O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he;
O did you see a bloody squire
Come riding o'er the lea?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she says,
"What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
But milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds."

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds.

"But light ye down, now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the brig o' Tyne."

"We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pounds,
That bloody squire were ta'en!"

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and tak' a sleep,
For they that sought for thee are gone,
And carefully I'll thee keep."

But Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he's ritted it through his dear lady,
And wounded her sae sair.

"What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?
When I have watch'd to save thy life,
Deserved I this from thee?"

"Ohon, alas! my lady dear,
To come sae hastilie!
I thought it was my deadly foe,
Ye had trysted unto me!

"O live, O live, my dear lady,
The space o' ae half-hour!
There's no a leech in a' Scotland,
But shall be in thy bower."

"How can I live, my dear Johnstone?
How can I live for thee?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood,
Run trickling down my knee?

"But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
O go thy way and flee;
For never shall the word be said,
Ye cam' to harm for me."

He hadna weel been out o' stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows,
Were thrilling in his heart.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

FROM HERD'S COLLECTION.

THE knight stands in the stable-door,
As he was for to ride,
When out there cam' his fair lady,
Desiring him to bide.

"How can I bide, how daur I bide,
How can I bide with thee?
Have I not killed thy ae brither?
Thou hadst nae mair but he."

"If you have killed my ae brither,
Alas, and woe is me!
But if I save your fair body,
The better you'll like me."

She's ta'en him to her secret bower,
Pinn'd wi' a siller-pin,
And she's up to her highest tower,
To watch that nane come in.

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,

When four-and-twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

"Now God you save, my fair lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?"

"Yes; bludy, bludy was his sword,
And bludy were his hands;
But if the steed he rides be gude,
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

"Light doun, light doun then, gentlemen,
And tak' some bread and wine:
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine."

"We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds,
Your fair body was mine!"

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
Her husband dear to meet;
But out he drew his bludy sword,
And wounded her very deep.

"What aileth thee now, good my lord,
What aileth thee at me?
Have ye not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee?"

"Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour,

There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland
But shall be at thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live,
How can I live for thee?
See ye not where my red heart's blude
Runs trickling doun my knee?"

* * * *

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

THIS simple but very pathetic ballad was first printed in Herd's collection. Another version of it, evidently modernised, is to be found in Johnson's "Museum."

"MY love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
Wi' seven-score good mariners to bear her companie;
There's three-score is sunk, and three-score dead at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and me.

"My love, he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins about.

"There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kaim come in my hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair;
Nor will I love another ane, until the day I die,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye needna sair lament."
"O there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

LADY MARY ANN.

FROM Johnson's "Museum;" reprinted in Mr Finlay's collection.

O LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

"O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet."

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The summer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we ha'e seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonny laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

THIS ballad originally appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and, so far as I am aware, no other version of it has been printed. Sir Walter Scott states that it was chiefly taken from a manuscript belonging to Mrs Brown of Falkland, and also that he had heard some of the verses repeated by a lady of high rank.

KING Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils * them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha should gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
And swore it should be he.

* Lots.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O four-and-twenty silver keys
Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behin'.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has let you in?"

"O ye my errand weel shall learn,
Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the Queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee:
"O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left me wi'."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He shall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He shall mount the gallows pin."

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she should lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown!"
Yet thro' the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and on;
And at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which should gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee:
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says;
"What needs this courtesie?"

"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to back a steed;
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avow,
But—'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'
'Madame, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you should be heir."

"How I should be heir of that castell,
In sooth I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye should kill him, Fause Foodrage,
Ye'd do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye should kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk:
Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And free my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee."
Syne pierc'd him thro' the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle-dow,
Wi' the troth o' his right hand.

LORD RONALD.

THERE are several versions extant of this ballad; but I regard the following as the best. It was printed in the Border Minstrelsy under the title of "Lord Randal."

"O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down?"

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo'; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"

"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd! mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

HUGHIE GRÆME.

FROM the Border Minstrelsy. Another version of this ballad was contributed to Johnson's "Museum" by Burns, but it is evidently much altered and interpolated.

GUDE Lord Scroop's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroop, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be try'd."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroop,
And deal your blows as hard as you can!
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us twa is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bluidy at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying, "Hughie Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then hae they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie Græme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume!
Forsooth and sae it maunna be;
For, were there but three Græmes of the name,
They shud be hanged a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume!
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie Græme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Though his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they cannot banish me fro' heaven hie.

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.

"Here, Johnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death of Hughie Græme."

THE SONG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

FROM THE PHILIPHAUGH MSS.

THIS ballad was first printed in the Border Minstrelsy, the copy principally resorted to being one which was found among the papers of Mrs Cockburn. The copy now given is from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest, which I have been courteously permitted to transcribe. From a note appended to the ballad, explanatory of its circumstances, in which reference is made to Lord Philiphaugh (a Judge of Session) as being then alive, the manuscript must have been written between the years 1689 and 1702. The ballad, however, I imagine to have been composed at a much earlier period. Sir Walter Scott says that it has been for ages a popular song in Selkirkshire; and moreover, that he recovered two verses from the recitation of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller. I suspect that the recited ballad must have differed materially in form from that given in the printed versions. In the latter the repetitions are so numerous and uniform as to impair the general effect; a fault which would soon have been cured by the reciters, who, in a poem of such length, would be glad to curtail their task. Repetitions were useful in the shorter ballads, which became the property of the minstrels, both because they eked out the matter, and because they served, in some measure, as *refrains*. But in a ballad, extending like this to nearly three hundred lines, they must equally have tried the patience of the audience, and the wind of the reciter.

After a close investigation, in which I have been aided by

a perusal of the genealogical tree of the ancient house of Philiphaugh, I have arrived at the conclusion that the story told in the ballad is, if not altogether fictitious, at least greatly exaggerated. The nature of the tradition may be gathered from the note appended to the manuscript copy before me, and which I now transcribe.

"IN THE SONG OF OUTLAW MURRAY.

"This Outlaw Murray was ancestor to the now Lord Philiphaugh, the Heretable Sheriff of the Forrest. This King in the year after the birth of Christ is King James, the Second of the name of Stewart, the 102 King of Scots, by a not interrupted Line from Fergus the First King of Scots; and in the 15 year of this reign he made this raid. He reigned 23 years. Made King in the seventh year of his age, some years he and the Kingdome were troubled with Factions, which being beaten down, and the Kingdome made peaceable, when he had gone into England to help the Northumbrians, as also had besieged the Castle of Roxburgh, by the violence and force of a Faggot burning inwardly, shot out of the Castle in a Timber frame, the rest of his Company receiving no hurt, the King, being with it cast to the Ground, died immediately, in the 29th year of his age, 1460. Cheviot Chase was much about this time. This James Boyd was son to Robert Lord Boyd, High Chancellor of Scotland, and married this King James the Second's sister, and was Earle of Arran when the King sent him on this message to the Outlaw about the sixteen year of his reign, and 23d of his age. He sent this his Brother of Law Earle of Arran to the King of Denmark to bring his Daughter to be his Queen, and because he did not return so soon as he desired, he denounced him Rebell and Traitor, took away his Estate and Honours, and gave them to this Earle Hamilton, and comanded his sister to marry him, which is their first claim to be Cadits to the Crown at this day. This James Boyd returned with the Queen, and being informed at Leith, where they landed, of

the King's unthankfulness to him, returned in that same ship to the King of Denmark, with whom he lived honourably till he died. See the Histories of the Douglases and Drummond of Hawthornden on 5 King James. This James Pringle, Laird of Torsonce, Chief of the Pringles of Scotland at this time, was Royal Banner-bearer of Scotland, and at this raid by the King was called Hoppringle in French; that is, 'my Princely Cock, keep up a good heart;' now Hoppringle of that Ilk. Albeit by the abbreviation and corruption of the sirname, Pringle by Highland language, yet it is derived from one of their ancestors, a Pilgrim who went to the Holy Land, to the Grave of the Holy Jesus Christ, as is alledged, with the heart of King Robert Bruce in the Company of Sir James Douglas, and returned safe, and was in great favour with Robert the 2nd, the 100 King of Scots, and the first King of the Sirname of Stewart, and by the Highlanders called Pilgrime, which, without altering a Letter, only placing the Letters nearer to the French Pringal, makes it Pringle."

This note is very amusing as regards the Pringles, a family which required no such fanciful testimony to their antiquity. But in reference to real history, it is a tissue of errors. *Thomas* Boyd married the Princess Mary, *daughter* of James II., in 1467, and was then created Earl of Arran. But James II. was killed in 1460. It is, however, needless to be critical on such a document, for the family charters show that, in 1461, John Murray, or de Moravia, acquired the lands of Philiphaugh from James III., on the resignation of Thomas de Hoppringill. He was the first member of his family connected with Selkirkshire. His grandson, or grand-nephew, John Murray, was the person supposed to be the outlaw of the ballad; but he seems to have been a highly respectable gentleman, much in favour with James IV., from whom he received grants of land in 1489, 1500, and 1509, in which latter year the office of Hereditary Sheriff of Selkirk was conferred upon him. The story, therefore, rests upon no historical basis; and I am inclined to think that it must be regarded

as an invention of a minstrel, desirous probably to win the favour of an ancient and opulent family.

The version given by Sir Walter Scott is, in essentials, the same with that subjoined. In the former, however, there are some stanzas which have no place in the manuscript submitted to me; and these probably were the lines communicated by Mungo Park. I have made an accurate transcript, following even the divisions of the stanzas as marked in the manuscript, though I am by no means satisfied of the propriety of that arrangement.

ETTRICK Forrest is a fair forrest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
And of all wild beasts great plentie.
There a castle's builded of lime and stane,
O gin it stands not pleasantlie:
There's in the forefront of that castle fair,
Twa unicorns is braw to see.

There's the picture of a knight and lady bright,
And the green holline aboon their bree;
There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
He keeps a royal company.
His merry men's in livery clad,
Of the Lincoln green is fair to see,
He and his lady in purple clad;
O gin they live not royallie!

Word is gane to our noble king,
In Edinburgh where that he lay,
That there was an Outlaw in Ettrick Forrest,
Counted him not, and all his country gay.

"I mak' a vow," the good king say'd,
"Unto the man that dear bought me,
I'se either be King of Ettrick Forrest,
Or King of Scotland that Outlaw sall be!"

Then spoke the Earle, hight Hamilton,
And to the noble king said he,
"My soverain prince, some counsal tak'
First of your good nobles, and syne of me.
I reid you send yon braw Outlaw till,
And see if yon man come will he;
Desire him to come, and be your man,
And hold of you yon forrest free.

"And gin he refuse to do that,
We'll conqueist both his lands and he,
Or else we'll cast his castle down,
And make a widow of his fair ladie."
The King called on a gentleman,
James Boyd, Earle of Arran, and his brother-in-law was he;
When James he cam' before the King,
He fell before him on his knee.

"Wellcome, James Boyd," said the noble King,
"A message ye maun gae for me;
Ye maun hie to fair Ettrick Forrest,
To yon Outlaw where dwelleth he.
Ask him of whom he holds his lands,
Or man wha may his master be;
Desire him to come, and be my man,
And hold yon fair forrest of me.

"Till Edinburgh to come and gang
His safe warrant I sall be,

And gin he refuse to do that,
We's conqueist baith his lands and he.
Thou may vow I'se cast his castle down,
And make a widow of his fair ladie ;
I'll hang his merrie men pair by pair,
In any firth where I may them see."

James Boyd took his leave of the noble King,
Till Ettrick Forrest fair cam' he,
Down Birkindale brae when that he cam',
He saw the fair forrest with his e'e ;
Baith dae and rae, and hart and hynd,
And of all wild beasts great plentie ;
There heard he bows did boldly ring,
And arrows whithering him near by.

Of the great castle he got a sight,
The like he ne'er saw with his e'e ;
On the forefront of the castle he saw
Twa unicorns so braw to see :
The picture of a knight and a lady bright,
And the green hollin aboon their bree :
Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,
Shooting with bows upon the lee.

They were all in ane livery clad,
Of the Lincoln green so fair to see ;
The knight and his lady in purple clad,
O gin they lived not royallie !
Therefor he knew he was master-man,
He served him in his ain degree.

"Good mot ye save, brave Outlaw Murray
Thy fair lady and thy chevalrie !"

"Mary, thou's welcome, gentleman,
Some king's messenger thou seems to be."
"The King of Scotland he sent me here,
And, good Outlaw, I'm sent to thee;
I wad wat of whom ye hold your lands,
Or, man, who may your master be."

"Thir lands is mine," the Outlaw said,
"And I ken no king in Christantie;
From Soldan Turk* I this forrest wan,
When the King and his men was not to see."
"He desires ye, man, to come to Edinburgh,
And hold of him this forrest frie,
And gin ye refuse to do this,
He'll conqueist baith thy lands and thee.

"He has vowed to cast thy castle down,
And make a widow of thy fair ladie;
He will hang thy merry men pair by pair,
In any firth where he may them find."
"Then be my troth," the Outlaw said,
"Then will I think me far behind.

"Or the King my fair country get,
Thir lands that's nativest to me,
Many of his nobles they sall lie cauld,
Their ladies sall be reight wearie."
Then spoke his lady fair of face;
Said she, "Without consent of me,
That any outlaw should enter before a king,
I am right rad† for treasonrie.

* In the copy printed in the Border Minstrelsy, this is *Soudron, i. e.* Southron or English, which I have no doubt is the proper reading.

† Afraid.

"Bid him be good to his lords at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord sal never see."
James took his leave at the Outlaw keen,
Unto Edinburgh boun'd he;
And when he came before the King,
He fell before him on his knee.
"Welcome, James Boyd," said the noble King,
What forrest is Ettrick Forrest frie?"

"Ettrick Forrest is ane of the fairest forrests,
That ever man saw with his e'e,
There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynd,
And of all wild beasts great plentie.
There's a pretty castle of lime and stane,
O gin it stands not pleasantlie;
There's on the foreside of that fair castle,
Twa unicorns so braw to see.

"The picture of a knight and a lady bright,
And the green hollin aboon their bree;
There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
O gin they live not royallie!
His merry men is in livery clad,
Of the Lincoln green is fair to see;
He and his lady in purple clad;
O gin they live not royallie!

"He says, yon forrest is truely his awn,
He says he wan it from the Soldanie;
Like as he wan it, so will he loss it,
Contrair all kings in Christantie."
"Gar 'ray my horse," said the noble King,
"In Ettrick Forrest hy will I me!"
Then he gart graith five thousand men,
And made for the forrest frie.

Then word is gane to the Outlaw till,
In Ettrick Forrest where lay he,
That the King was coming to this countrie,
And 'ould conqueist baith his lands and he.
"I make a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I make a vow, and that trulie,
Will there but three men take my part,
Your King's coming full dear sall be."

Then messengers he called furth,
And bade them speed them speedilie;
"Ane of you gae to Halliday,
The Laird of the Corehead is he.
Be certain he is my sister's son,
And bid him come and succour me,
Till Halliday till that he come,
You shew him all the veritie."

"What news, what news," said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Nought as ye wad, seeking your aid,
The King's his mortal enemie."
"Ay, ... e my troth!" said Halliday,
"... 'en for that it repenteth me;
F... gin he loss fair Ettrick Forrest,
He'll take fair Moffat-dale frae me.
I'll meet him with five hundred men,
And surely mae if I may be."

"To Andrew Murray, Laird of Cockpool,
That man's a dear cousin to me;
Desire him to come and make me aid,
With all the power he may be.

The King has vow'd to cast my castle down,
And make a widow of my fair ladie;
He'll hang my merry men, pair by pair,
In any place where he may them see."

"It stands me hard," said Andrew Murray,
"O gin it stands not hard with me,
Till enter against a King with crown,
And put my lands in jeopardie.
Yet, if I come not on the day,
Surely in the night he sall me see."
To Sir James Murray, Laird of Traquair,
A message came right hastilie.

"What news, what news," James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"What needs me tell, for weil ye ken,
The King's his mortal enemie.
He desired ye to come and make him aid,
With all the powers ye may be."
"And be my troth," James Murray said,
"With that Outlaw I'll live and die!

"The King he's gifted my lands lang syne,
It cannot be no worse for me."
The King was coming o'er Cadron-foord,
And fifteen thousand men was he.
They saw the Forrest them before,
They thought it awfu' for to see.
Then spake the Earle, height Hamilton,
Unto the noble King said he:

"My soverain Prince, some counsell take,
First of your nobles, and then of me;

Yet I reid you send yon Outlaw till,
And if you man * them, come will he.
Desire him to meet you at Penmanscore,
And bring four of the best of his companie ;
Five Earles sall gae your aun sell before,
Good reason you should honoured be.

"And if he refuses to do that,
With fire and sword follow will we ;
There sal never after him again
Have land in Ettrick Forrest frie."
The King he called a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer of Scotland then was he,
James Hoppringle of Torsonce by name,
He came and kneeled on his knee.

"Welcom, James Pringle, Laird of Torsonce !
Thou maun a message gae for me ;
Thou maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Surely where boldly bideth he.
Desire him to meet me at Penmanscore,
Bring four of the best of the companie ;
Five Earles sal come wi' my aun sell,
Good reason in some part I should honour'd be.

"And if he refuses to do that,
Bid him look for nae good from me ;
There sal never a Murray after him,
Have land in Ettrick Forrest frie."
James came before the Outlaw keen,
And serv'd him in his own degree ;

* This is probably a mistake of the transcriber. It may, however, be a contraction for "command."

"Welcom, James Pringle, Laird of Torsonce;
What biddings frae the King to me?"

"He desires you to meet him at Penmanscore,
Bring four of the best of your companie;
Five Earles will come with the King,
Nae mae in number will he be.
And if ye refuse to do that,
Truelie here I up give with thee;
There will never a Murray after thee,
Have land in Ettrick Forrest frie."

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said,
"O gin it stands not hard with me;
What rack of the losing of mysell,
But all my offspring after me!
Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye sal be twa to gae with me;
Andrew Murray, and James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in companie."

When that they came before the King,
They fell before him on their knee;
"Grant mercie, mercie, royal King,
Even for His sake that died on tree!"
"Siccan mercie you sal have,
On gallows sal you hanged be;"
"God forbid!" said the Outlaw syne,
"I hope your grace will better be.

"The lands of Ettrick Forrest fair,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I loss them,
Contrair all kings in Christantie."

All the noblemen said, the King about,
"Pitie, Outlaw, it were to see thee die!"
"Yet grant me mercie, soverain Prince,
Let your favour be given to me!

"I'll give you the keys of my fair castle,
With the blessing of my fair ladie,
Why, ye will make me Sheriff of the fair Forrest,
And all my offspring after me."
"Will ye give me the keys of your castle,
With the blessing of your fair ladie?
I'll make thee Sheriff of Ettrick Forrest,
Surely while upwards grows the tree.

"If ye be not a traitor to your King,
Forfeited sal ye never be."
"But alace, Prince, what sal become of my men
When I gae back, traitor they'll call me.
I had rather loss my life and lands,
Or my merry men rebuked me!"
"Will thy merrie men amend their lives,
And all their pardons grant I frie.

"Now name thy lands where they be,
And here I render them to thee."
"Fair Philiphaugh, Prince, is mine aun,
I bigged it with lime and stane;
The Tinnies and the Hanging-shaw,
Prince, they are native lands of mine;
I have many steads in the Forrest-shaw,
But well their names I do not knaw."

The keys of the castle he gave the King,
With the blessing of his fair ladie;

He made him Sheriff of Ettrick Forrest,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
And if he was not a traitor to the crown,
Forfaulted should he never be.

Wha ever heard in any time
Sic ane Outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour get before a king,
As did the Outlaw in the forrest frie?

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

It may surprise the English reader to find that there are ballads exclusively Scottish, referring to the famous and popular outlaw of Sherwood Forest. But his fame extended far beyond the Border; and among the favourite sports of the commonalty of Scotland in the sixteenth century, was the game of Robin Hood, which was conducted under the sanction of high official authority. It appears, from the Act of the Scottish Parliament, which was passed in 1555, for the purpose of suppressing the popular amusements, that, in each burgh, it was customary for the magistrates to elect a Robin Hood. "And gif ony Provest, Baillies, Councel, and Communitie, chuse sik ane personage as ROBERT HUDE LITTLE JOHN, ABBOTIS OF UNREASON, or QUEENS OF MA the chusers of sik sall tine their freidome for the spa of five yeires." Great popular discontent was excited, e[illegible]ally in Edinburgh, by these attempts to curtail the a[illegible]ements of the people, and the magistrates were sometim[illegible] unable to enforce the provisions of the Act. In the ye[illegible]561, according to Arnot, the mob were so enraged at b[illegible]ing disappointed *in making a Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, and seized on the city gates; and, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of ne profanation of the Sabbath, by making of *Robin Hood plays*.

Mr Gutch, who has made an admirable collection of all the ditties pertaining to Robin Hood, quotes the words of Fordun, the Scottish historian, who, writing in 1340, says of the Sherwood outlaws, "of whom the foolish vulgar, in

comedies and tragedies, make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the gestours and minstrels sing them, above all other ballads." Hector Boece says: "In Murray land is the kirk of Pette, quhare the banis of Lytill Johne remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene feet of hycht, with square membris effering thairto"—a statement quite as credible as that which specifies Meigle, in Forfarshire, as the burial-place of Guenever or Vanora, the Queen of the British Arthur.

The following ballad was taken down by Mr Jamieson from recitation.

O WILLIE'S large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree;
And he is gane to Earl Richard,
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower;
And they made up their love-contract,
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's night,
When the leaves were fair and green,
That Willie met his gay ladye
Intil the wood alane.

"O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That wont to be sae wide;
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,

Before that he would eat or drink,
He'd hang ye o'er that wa'.

"But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,
Just as the sun gaes doun,
And kep me in your arms twa,
And let na me fa' doun."

O when the sun was now gane doun,
He's done him till her bower;
And there, by the lee light o' the moon,
Her window she looked o'er.

Intil a cloak o' red scarlet
She lap, for fear'd for harm;
And Willie was large o' lith and limb,
And kepped her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green wood,
And e'e the night was deen,
She's born to him a bonny young son
Amang the leaves sae green.

When night was gane, and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
It's up and rase then Earl Richard,
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,
By ane, by twa, by three;
"O what has come o' my daughter dear,
That she hasna come to me?

"I dream'd a dreary dream last night,
God grant it come to gude!

I dream'd I saw my daughter dear,
Drown in the saut sea flood.

"But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
Or yet be stown awa',
I mak' a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a'."

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and doun,
They got her in the gude green wood,
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kist him tenderlie;
Says, "Though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kist him o'er and o'er again,
"My grandson I thee claim;
And Robin Hood, in gude green wood,
It's that shall be your name."

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little where he was born.

It wasna in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower,
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lily flower.

GILDEROY.

A VERY different kind of freebooter from gentle Robin of Sherwood was Gilderoy, or Gillie roy (*i. e.* the Red Lad), whose memory also has been perpetuated in song. His real name was Patrick MacGregor, to which persecuted and proscribed clan the celebrated Rob Roy also belonged; and it appears that about the year 1632, he was the leader of a numerous gang of caterans, who spread their depredations far and wide. At his trial, which took place on 7th June 1636, he was charged with various offences and acts of robbery and violence, committed not only in the Lennox, or district bordering on Lochlomond, but in the northern parts of Scotland, such as Strathspey and Braemar, and with having been a common cateran for upwards of three years. Even were we disposed to accept the distinction drawn by Evan Dhu Maccombich, to the effect that "he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman-drover," we can hardly dignify Gilderoy by the latter title, inasmuch as he was charged, *inter alia*, with "the theftuous steilling of *foure hens*" pertaining to the gudeman of Calquharnie! Gilderoy and his lieutenants were convicted, and executed at the cross of Edinburgh, the master-cateran receiving the honour of a higher gibbet than his accomplices.

It is amusing to find that this poor cateran has been made the subject of romance, under the disguise of history, and has been elevated to a high pinnacle of infamy. In a work entitled "Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates, and Robbers, by Captain Charles Johnson," Gilderoy figures

as a thief of European celebrity, and is represented as practising his art both in France and Spain. The following extract is worth preserving :—

"He then fled into France, where, being on a solemn day at the Church of St Denis, in Paris, whilst Cardinal Richelieu was celebrating high mass, at which the king was present, Gilder Roy had his hand in the cardinal's purse, which was hanging at his side, while he was officiating at the altar. His majesty perceiving the transaction, Gilder Roy, who was dressed like a gentleman, seeing himself discovered, held up his finger to the king, making a sign to take no notice, and he should see good sport. The king, glad of such an occasion of mirth, let him alone; and a little after, coming to the cardinal, he took occasion, in discourse, to oblige him to look into his purse for money, which he missing, began to wonder. The king, knowing which way it went, was more than ordinarily merry; until, being tired with laughter, he was willing that the cardinal might have again what was taken from him. The king thought that he who took the money was an honest gentleman, and of some account, as he kept his countenance so well; but Gilder Roy had more wit than to come near them, for he acted not in jest, but in good earnest. Then the cardinal turned all the laughter against the king, who, using his common oath, swore by the faith of a gentleman, it was the first time that ever a thief had made him his companion.

"He went from France into Spain; and being one day at Madrid, he went into the Duke of Medina-Celi's house, when that grandee had made a great entertainment for certain foreign ministers. Several pieces of plate were locked in a trunk, and stood in a little room next to a hall where the feast was, in which room many servants were waiting for their masters. Gilder Roy went in a Spanish habit, accoutred in all respects like the steward of the house, and going to those who sat on the trunk, desired them to rise, because he was going to use it; which they having done, he caused it to

be taken up by some porters that followed him in, and got clear off with it."

But his most notable exploit (according to Captain Charles Johnson, whose inventive genius is not much inferior to that of M. Alexander Dumas) was performed after he had returned home from his Continental tour. We next find Gilderoy engaged in personal combat with the Protector!

"When Oliver Cromwell embarked at Donaghadey, in the north of Ireland, and landed at Portpatrick in Scotland, the news thereof came to Gilder Roy, who was then lurking in the shire of Galloway. Accordingly he met him on the road towards Glasgow. Cromwell having only two servants with him, he commanded him to stand and deliver; but the former, thinking three to one was odds, refused to obey. They then came to an engagement, and several pistols were discharged on both sides for nearly a quarter of an hour; when the bold robber pretended to yield his antagonists the day, by running as fast as he could from them. They pursued him very closely for near half an hour, and then suddenly turning upon them, the first mischief he did was shooting Oliver's horse, which, falling on his side as soon as wounded, broke the Protector's leg; as for his servants, he shot one of them through the head, and the other begging quarter, it was granted; but Oliver being disabled, he had the civility to put him on an ass, and, tying his legs under his belly, sent both of them to seek their fortunes."

With regard to the origin of the term "Jeddart justice," Captain Charles Johnson thus enlightens us, showing satisfactorily that it is part of the statute law of Scotland, first to execute criminals and afterwards to try them.

"This insolence caused the legislature to contrive ways and means to suppress the audaciousness of Gilder Roy and his companions, who were dreaded far and near: and among them, *one Jennet, a lawyer*, promoted the law for hanging a highwayman first, and judging him afterwards; which law, being approved of, it received the sanction of the Govern-

ment, without any contradiction, and was often put in force against many gentlemen of the road."

This veracious account of Gilderoy, along with the actual minutes of his trial, will be found in the Appendix to "Spalding's Memorialls of the Trubles in Scotland."

I have not chanced to meet with a copy of the original ballad of Gilderoy, which Mr Chambers mentions to have seen on a broadside, and of which he has given us the following specimen, being the opening and concluding stanzas :—

"My love he was as brave a man,
As ever Scotland bred;
Descended from a Highland clan,
A kateran to his trade.
No woman then, or womankind,
Had ever greater joy,
Than we two when we lodged alone,
I and my Gilderoy.

* * * *

"And now he is in Edinburgh town,
'Twas long ere I came there;
They hanged him upon a-hie,
And he wagg'd in the air.
His relics they were more esteemed,
Than Hector's were at Troy;
I never loved to see the face
That gazed on Gilderoy."

The following version, which is the only one now current, was adapted from the original by Sir Alexander Halket—at least such was the general understanding until lately, when it became a mania with some literary antiquaries to attribute the authorship of the great bulk of the Scottish ballads to Sir Alexander's sister, Lady Wardlaw, on the single ground that she was the composer of "Hardyknute."

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses till his shoon,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doun :
It was, I ween, a comely sight,
To see so trim a boy ;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My winsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming e'en he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes ;
He gained the love of ladies gay,
None e'er to him was coy ;
Ah, wae is me ! I mourn this day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years beforn
We 'gan to love each ither ;
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that love of mine
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought ;
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I received with joy ;

Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsam time
Amang the leaves sae green :
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy ;
While he wi' garlands decked my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life !
But ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife.
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bold wad try ;
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine e'e ;
I gied him sic a parting look :
" My benison gang wi' thee !
God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my love let me want ;
For cow and ewe he to me brought,
And e'en when they were scant :

All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy
Who never failed to pay their cess,
To my love Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare awa' the gear
Of many a lawland loun :
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length with numbers he was ta'en,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear ;
To reive of life for sic a cause,
As stealing horse or mear !
Had not these laws been made sae strict,
I ne'er had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

If Gilderoy had done amiss,
He might have banished been.
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men !
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy—
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
They bound him meikle strong,

To Edinburgh they took him there,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
There died the youth whom I lo'ed best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comely clay;
And sicker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lo'ed boy;
And now for ever I maun weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT.

THE story of the Fire of Frendraught is one of the most mysterious episodes of Scottish history; and though occurring at a comparatively recent period, presents us with an awful picture of the barbarous state of the country even after the Reformation. Not only amongst the nobility, but amongst the gentry of the north, blood-feuds were more common than litigation is now; and these were desperately followed out, and transmitted from generation to generation. The district of Deeside, and indeed the whole country bordering on the Highland line, were especially the scenes of savage and cruel violence.

In the beginning of the year 1630, a dispute, which had been for some time pending between Crichton of Frendraught and Gordon of Rothiemay, both considerable proprietors in Banffshire, led to an encounter, at which several retainers of both were present, and the Laird of Rothiemay was slain. The Marquis of Huntley, who was feudal superior of both, attempted to stanch the quarrel by finding Frendraught liable in a large sum to the widow of Rothiemay, by way of compensation or assythment. Shortly afterwards, however, Frendraught engaged in a new quarrel, in which James Leslie, son to the Laird of Pitcaple, was severely wounded. Pitcaple came to the Marquis of Huntley at his residence, for the purpose of demanding reparation for the injury his son had sustained; but, on arriving there, he found that Frendraught was before him. The Marquis, probably considering this to be a case in which no damages should be awarded (for a sword-thrust in the arm was esteemed in

those days a trivial matter), attempted to accommodate the affair; but as Pitcaple went away vowing vengeance, he thought it advisable to send Frendraught home under a strong escort, commanded by his son, the Viscount of Aboyne. I give the rest of the narrative in the words of old Spalding, simply modernising the spelling.

"John Gordon, eldest son to the late slain Laird of Rothiemay, happened to be at the Bog, who would also go with Aboyne. They rode without interruption to the place of Frendraught, without sight of Pitcaple by the way. Aboyne took his leave from the Laird, but upon no condition he and his lady would suffer him to go, nor none that were with him that night, but earnestly urged him (though against his will) to bide. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and to bed went joyfully. The Viscount was laid in a bed in the old tower (going off the hall), and standing upon a vault, wherein was a round hole, devised of old, just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servant, and English Will, his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber. The Laird of Rothiemay, with some servants, was laid in an upper chamber, just above Aboyne's; and in another room above that chamber were laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants, with whom, also, was Captain Rollock, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus, being all at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colin Ivat another of Aboyne's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burned and tormented to death without help or relief; the Laird of Frendraught, his lady, and whole household, looking on without moving or stirring to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported."

Popular suspicion fell upon Frendraught and his lady, but there is no reason to suppose that they originated the fire. Neither was it directly traced to Pitcaple, who was next

suspected; but a man of the name of Meldrum, in some sort a retainer of his, but who also bore ill-will to Frendraught, was tried, condemned, and executed for the crime. The author of the ballad, however, directly attributes the guilt to the Crichtons.

This ballad was supposed, both by Ritson and Finlay, to have been lost, and they gave instead of it an acknowledged modern composition called "Frennit Ha'." It was, however, still current in the north; and versions, differing very little from each other, have been given by Mr Motherwell and the editor of the "North Countrie Garland."

THE eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were both burnt in the fire.

When steeds were saddled, and weel bridled,
And ready for to ride,
Then out came her and fause Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide.

Said, "Stay this nicht until we sup,
The morn until we dine;
'Twill be a token of good 'greement
'Twixt your good lord and mine."

"We'll turn again," said good Lord John.
But, "No," said Rothiemay;
"My steed's trapann'd; my bridle's broken;
I fear this day I'm fey."*

* Predestined or doomed to die suddenly. There is no English word directly corresponding to this.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber were laid.

They had not long cast off their clothes,
And were but new asleep,
When the weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

"O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear;
And turn ye to our Saviour;
There is strong treason here!"

When they were dressed in their clothes,
And ready for to boune,
The doors and windows all were fast,
The roof-tree burning down.

He did him to the wire window,
As fast as he could gang;
Says, "Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,
For out we'll never win!"

When he stood at the wire window,
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

Cried, "Mercy, mercy! Lady Frendraught!
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband kill'd my father,
And now you burn his son!"

O then out spoke her, Lady Frendraught,
And loudly did she cry,
"It were great pity for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay.
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well—
Ye cannot get away!"

While he stood in this dreadful plight,
Most piteous to be seen;
Then called out his servant Gordon,
As he had frantic been.

"O, loup! O, loup! my dear master;
O, loup! and come to me:
I'll catch you in my armis two;
One foot I will not flee.

"O, loup! O, loup! my dear master;
O, loup down frae the tower:
I'll catch you in my armis two;
But Rothiemay may smoor!"*

"The fish shall never swim the flood,
Nor corn grow through the clay,
If the fiercest fire that ever was kindled
Twine me and Rothiemay.

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning frae me!

* This line is conjectural. In a copy before me, annotated by Mr Sharpe, I find the following: "The last line I never could make out; it began—*But Rothiemay*——"

"My eyes are southering in my head,
My flesh roasting also;
My bowels are boiling with my blood;
Is na that a woeful woe?

"Take here the rings frae my fingers,
That are so long and small;
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

"So I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee;
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee!"

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His lady she was seen;
Calling unto his servant Gordon,
As he stude on the green.

"O wae be to you, George Gordon,
An ill death may ye die!
Sae safe and sound as ye stand there,
And my lord bereaved from me!"

"I bade him loup, I bade him come,
I bade him loup to me;
I'd catch him in my arms two,
A foot I should not flee.

"He threw me the rings from his white fingers,
Which were so long and small,
To give to you, his lady fair,
Where you sat in your hall."

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
O bonnie Sophia was her name;
Her waiting-maid put on her clothes;
But I wat she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, "Ohon, alas!
A sair heart's easy wan;
I wan a sair heart when I married him;
And this day it's return'd again!"

EARL RICHARD'S WEDDING.

THERE are several versions of this curious old ballad. In Mr Buchan's collection there are two, called respectively, "Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother," and "Earl Lithgow," the former of which has been adopted by Mr Motherwell. I consider, however, that it has been made up from imperfect recitation, for a good many of the verses are recognisable as belonging to other ballads. The second version, "Earl Lithgow," is much more spirited, and corresponds very closely with one recovered by Mr Kinloch, and printed in his "Ancient Scottish Ballads." The subjoined version has been made by collating the different copies. I confess to the insertion of one stanza towards the close, which appeared to me necessary in order to explain the interposition of the "Billy Blind" or Brownie.

There is an English ballad on the same subject, called "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter," in Percy's "Reliques;" but it does not possess either the humour or the circumstantiality of the Scottish versions.

EARL Richard he's a hunting gane,
Upon a summer's day,
And on the side o' yonder hill
He's met a weel-faur'd May.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
He led her to the foot o' a tree,
Of her he spiered nae leave.

O but she frown'd, and redden'd hie,
And O but she thought shame!
Says, "If ye be a belted knight,
Now tell to me your name."

"O whiles they call me Jock," he says,
"And whiles they call me John;
But when I'm in the Queen's hie court,
It's Lithcock is my name."

"Lithcock! Lithcock!" the lassie said,
And spell'd it ower again;
"Lithcock may be a Latin word,
But Richard is your name."

O then he mounted on his horse,
Said he was boun' to ride;
Then kilted she her green claithing,
And said she wadna bide.

She has kilted her green claithing
A little abune the knee,
And ay he rade, and ay she ran,
Till they cam' to the water o' Dee.

And when they cam' to the water o' Dee,
Down by the narrow side,
He turn'd about his high horse head,
Says, "Lassie, will ye ride?"

"Ye needna stop for me," she says,
"I've learn'd it for my weel,
That when I come to a deep water,
I can swim like ony eel.

"I learn'd it in my mother's bower,
It's few hae learn'd it better,
For be the water ne'er so wan,
I'll swim like ony otter."

"Turn back, turn back, ye weel-faur'd May,
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hillside,
When ye wadna let me be!"

She has kilted her green claithing,
A little abune the knee;
And he has rode, and she has swam,
Across the water o' Dee;
And or that he was halfway thro',
On the other side was she.

And there she sat, and preen'd hersell,
And sat upon a stone,
And there she sat to rest hersell,
And see how he'd come on.

"How mony miles hae ye to ride?
How mony hae I to gang?"
"I've thirty miles to ride," he says,
"And ye hae as mony to gang."

"If ye hae thirty miles to ride,
And if ye dinna lee,
Ye'se hae your leave to gang yoursell,
It will never be gane by me."

She's gane unto the Queen's hie court,
And tirled at the pin,

And wha sae ready as the porter,
To let the lassie in?

She took a ring frae aff her finger,
And gied it for his fee;
Says, "Tak' ye that, my good porter,
The Queen maun speak wi' me."

Now she's gane ben thro' ae lang room,
And she's gane ben thro' twa,
And she's gane ben a lang, lang trance,
Till she cam' to the ha'.

And when she cam' before the Queen,
She bent low on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my fair woman,
What means this courtesie?"

"My errand it's to thee, O Queen,
My errand it's to thee,
There is a knight into your court,
This day has robbed me."

"O has he ta'en your purse?" she says,
"Or has he ta'en your fee?
Or has he ta'en your maidenhead,
The flower of your bodie?"

"He hasna ta'en my purse," she says,
"Nor yet has he ta'en my fee,
But he has ta'en my maidenhead,
The flower o' my bodie."

"O gin he be a single man,
It's he shall marry thee,

But gin he be a married man,
High hanged shall he be!

"There's no a knight in a' my court,
That thus has robbed thee,
But ye'll hae the truth o' his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll die;

"Tho' it were Earl Richard, my ain brother;
Forbid that it should be!"
Then, sighing, said the bonnie lass,
"I wot the same man is he."

"Now could ye wale the knight," she says,
"Amang a hundred men?"
"That wad I," said the bonnie lass,
"If there were hundreds ten."

The Queen made a' her merry men pass
By ane, and twa, and three,
Earl Richard used to be the first,
But the hindmost man was he.

And he cam' hauping on ae foot,
And winking wi' ae e'e;
"Aha!" then cried the bonnie lass,
"That same young man are ye!"

He's taken out a hundred pound,
And told it in his glove,
Says, "Tak' ye that, my bonnie lass,
And seek anither love."

"O na! O na!" the lassie cried,
"That's what shall never be;

I'll have the truth o' your right hand,
The Queen she gave it me."

"I wish I had drank o' the water, sister,
When I did drink your wine!
Now I maun wed a carle's daughter,
And dree this shame and pyne."

"Maybe I am a carle's daughter,
And maybe I am nane;
But when we met in the greenwood,
Why let you me not alane?"

"Now will ye wear the short claithing,
Or will ye wear the syde? *
Or will ye walk to your wedding,
Or will ye to it ride?"

"I will not wear the short claithing,
But I will wear the syde;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I will to it ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lassie him behin';
It's cauld and eerie were the words,
They twa had them between.

And he has gi'en to her the ring,
A waeful man was he;
And he has mounted at the kirk-door,
Rade aff wi' his ladie.

* Long, as applied to garments.

And there was never word but ane,
In a' that companie;
"O ill it sets a beggar's brat,
At a gude knight's back to be!"

"Then by there cam' a beggar wife;
The ladie flang her a crown;
"Tell a' your niebours when ye gae hame,
Earl Richard's your gude-son." *

"O haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonny hillside,
When ye wadna let me be."

And when they came to Marykirk,
The nettles grew on the dyke;
"Gin my auld carline mother were here," she says,
"Sae weel she wad you pyke!

"Sae weel she wad you pyke," she says,
"She wad you pyke and pu',
She wad boil you weel, and butter you weel,
And sup till she were fu'."

"O hauld your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hillside,
When ye wadna let me be."

And when they cam' to the water o' Tyne,
The mills they a' were ganging free;
"Gude luck, ye mills o' Tyne water,
I wish ye aye gude luck," says she.

* Son-in-law.

"Weel may ye clap, weel may ye gang,
And better be your luck;
For I wot my minnie ne'er gaed by you,
But she has filled her pock."

He's drawn his hat out ower his face,
And meikle shame thought he;
She's drawn her cap out ower her locks,
And a light laugh gied she.

Sae they hae come to Earl Richard's house,
And were at dinner set;
Then out and spak' the bonnie bride,
And she spak' never blate.

"Gae, tak' awa the china plates,
Gae, tak' them far frae me;
And bring to me a wooden dish,
It's that I'm best used wi'.

"And tak' awa thae siller spoons,
The like I ne'er did see;
And bring to me the horn cuttics,
They're gude eneugh for me."

When they were dined, and served well,
And a' men boun' to rest,
Earl Richard and his bonnie bride,
In ae chamber were placed.

"O haud away the linen sheets,
They are o' Hollands fine;
And bring to me the linsey clouts,
That lang I hae lain in."

"O haud your tongue you beggar's brat!
My heart will break in three!"
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hillside,
When ye wadna let me be.

"Lay a pock o' meal beneath my head,
Anither beneath my feet,
And ye may keep your Holland sheets
And soundly will I sleep."

"Haud far awa', ye carline's brat,
Haud far awa' frae me!
It doesna suit a beggar's brat,
My bed-fellow to be."

"It's maybe I'm a carline's get,
It's maybe I am nane;
But when we met in the greenwood,
Why let you me not alane?"

It's up then spak' the Billy Blin',
From the corner where he lay;
"What gars you twa keep havering on,
Sae lang or it be day?"

"Let a body rest," said the Billy Blin',
"The ane may serve the other;
The Earl o' Stockford's ae daughter,
And the Queen o' Scotland's brother."

"O fair fa' you, ye Billy Blin',
And weel aye may ye be!
For I've sought her lang, and I hae her now,
And my ain dear wife is she!"

THE BARRING OF THE DOOR.

THIS ballad was recovered by Herd, and is inserted in his collection. It appears to be of considerable antiquity, and is unquestionably very humorous.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then;
When our gudewife gat puddings to make,
And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew intil the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyskep,
Gudeman, as ye may see,
An it shouldna be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure;
That wha should speak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night,

And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But never a word would ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel,
Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife!"

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then?"
"What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Gudeman! ye've spoke the foremost word—
Get up and bar the door!"

JELLON GRÆME.

THIS ballad, recovered from tradition, was printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The opening stanzas are remarkable, inasmuch as they bear a close resemblance to a fragment which Mr Jamieson considered to be part of an original version of "Gil Morice." He says:—

"I believe there is still preserved in Scotland a ballad on the subject of 'Gil Morris,' or 'Childe Maurice,' which differs considerably from any copy heretofore published. I have used my utmost endeavours to recover it, but hitherto without success. I have met with several persons who remembered having heard it; but none that could repeat more than the three following stanzas, which are said to be the beginning and end of the piece:—

"Gil Morris sat in Silverwood,
He whistled and he sang;
'Whare sall I get a bonnie boy,
My errand for to gang?'

"He's ca'd his foster-brother Willie,
'Come, win ye hose and shoon,
And gae unto Lord Bernard's ha',
And bid his lady come.'

* * * *

"And she has ta'en the bluidy head,
And cast it in the brim;
Syne gather'd up her robes o' green,
And fast she followed him."

My own impression is, that portions of the two ballads had been mixed together in the course of recitation.

It is evident that the ballad of "Jellon Græme" has been retouched; for it is apparent, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, that some of the verses have been modernised.

O JELLON Græme sat in Silverwood,
He sharped his broad sword lang;
And he has call'd his little foot page
An errand for to gang.

"Win up, my bonny boy," he says,
"As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,
Before the break of day."

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And thro' the greenwood ran;
And he came to the ladye's bower
Before the day did dawn.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain:
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll never win hame."

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Græme,
Out of a bush thereby;

"Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lye."

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee;
"O mercy, mercy, Jellon Græme,
For I'm no prepared to die!

"Your bairn that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light;
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight!"

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Græme!
My father ye needna dread:
I'll keep my babe in gude green-wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Tho' she for life did pray;
But pierced her thro' the fair bodie,
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead;
But he felt some for the bonny bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
Given him to nurses nine;

Three to sleep, and three to wake,
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonny boy,
Called him his sister's son:
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik-tree.

And many were the greenwood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
To see their lovely hue.

"What's paler than the primrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
On this wee knowe that grows?"

O out and answered Jellon Græme,
And he spak hastilie—
"Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

"More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than primrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broad sword ran."

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;

And thro' and thro' him, Jellon Græme,
He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says—"Lie ye there, now, Jellon Græme
"My malison gang you wi'!
The place that my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee."

KEMP OWAIN.

THIS very singular ballad differs in many respects from "Kempion," which was printed by Sir Walter Scott in the Border Minstrelsy, from the manuscripts of Mrs Brown, with corrections from a recited fragment. It appears in the collections of Messrs Buchan and Motherwell, without any distinct statement of the source from which it was recovered; but I conjecture that we owe it to the industry of Mr Buchan, as the phraseology indicates a north-country recital. In point of poetical merit, I am inclined to rank it above "Kempion."

There is an English ballad called "The Laidley Worm of Spindelston Heugh," which has a close resemblance to this, at least as regards the story, and which has been attributed to one Duncan Fraser of Cheviot, a bard of the fourteenth century. But the language clearly shows that it is a modern production—indeed, I believe it was always admitted to have been at least re-written by the Rev. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham; and if that gentleman had any ancient material before him, he has effectually succeeded in disguising it.

Mr Motherwell conjectures that the hero of the ballad was "the same Ewein, or Owain ap Urien, the king of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards Taliessin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welsh Historical Triades." I must needs confess that I have not sufficient erudition to enable me to form a judgment on such matters, but I may observe that the word *Kemp* (meaning champion) is of Gothic origin, and does not belong to Wales.

HER mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan ;
Her father married the worst woman,
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee ;
Till Kemp Owain come ower the sea,
And borrow you wi' kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
O borrowed shall you never be !"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted twice about the tree ;
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she :
That news did come to Kemp Owain,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he,
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree ;
And with a swing she cam' about,
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me !

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I hae found in the green sea,

And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gied her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my ring your death shall be!"

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be!"

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
  The royal brand he brought him wi',
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
  And twisted nane about the tree ;
And smilingly she cam' about,
  As fair a woman as fair could be.

BROWN ADAM.

THIS ballad is from the Border Minstrelsy. It was recovered by Sir Walter Scott from a private manuscript collection; and he further states that it had been previously printed on a single sheet. I am inclined to think that this is the only extant version.

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or th n leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigg a bower in good greenwood,
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
To greenwood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude greenwood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier;
And he's sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheer.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his ladye's bower door,
He stude a little forby;
And there he heard a fu' fause knight
Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay gowd ring,
Had cost him mony a poun',
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And this shall be thy own."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
"I trow sae does he me;
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love,
For na fause knight I see."

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string,
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman
For mair than ye could gie."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flashed it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or thro' ye this sall gang!"
Then sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

THE DUMB WIFE OF ABERDOUR.

THE following ungracious ballad, the production of some early Scottish misogynist, was preserved in the Maitland manuscript in the Pepysian library, and also in another manuscript in the University library, Cambridge. These are said to be arranged differently; but Mr Laing has given a collated version in his "Select Remains." In that version, which is printed according to the ancient orthography, the first four lines are wanting, but these I have ventured to supply; and I have, moreover, modernized the spelling for the sake of intelligibility. Unfortunately, towards the middle, there is a *hiatus*, extending apparently over several stanzas. This is a loss too great to admit of any attempt towards repair; so the reader must imagine, as he best can, the pouring forth of the long pent-up torrent of speech from the gude-wife, and the retreat of the disconcerted husband to take counsel, for the second time, with his infernal adviser. I venture to think that this ballad is well worthy of preservation as a specimen of caustic humour.

AT Aberdour of Fife,
There dwelt a simple man,
Wha gat a tochered wife,
That word spake never nane.
When other wives were glad
To mak' their husbands blyth,
She sat, and naething said,
And comfort nane could kyth.*

* Show.

Then to be brief, he took sic grief,
That deeply he did swear,
That he forthoucht,* that he had brocht,
A dumb wife hame for gear.

And so upon a day
He went alane to pance ;†
So met he on his way,
A great grim man by chance :
Wha fast at him did frayne,‡
Why he sae sadly went ?
What anguish, grief, or pain,
Perturbed his intent,
He bade him show ; and let him know
Of all his grief the ground—
He should remeid, have he nae dread,
Gif remeid might be found.

Then he declareth clear,
The matter all and some,
How he had ta'en for gear,
A woman deaf and dumb ;
For her riches and rents
He wedded her to his wife,
But now he sair repents,
And irks sair of his life.
His earthly joy is turned to 'noy,
He wished himself were dead.
Quoth he again, "Tak' no disdain,
And I sall find remeid.

"Gif thou wilt counsel keep,
And learn weel what I say :

* Repented. † Meditate. ‡ Inquire.

This night, in her first sleep,
Under her tongue then lay
Of quaking aspen leaf,
The whilk betokens wind;
And she shall have relief
Of speaking, thou shalt find.
What kind of tale, withouten fail,
That thou of her requires,
She shall speak out, have thou nae doubt,
And mair than thou desires."

Then was he glad of this,
And thought himself weel chevin,*
And hame he cam' with bliss,
Thought lang till it was even.
Till she was fallen on sleep
Ay warily watched he,
And then he took gude keep,
And laid in leaves three;
Thinking his cure, to work maist sure,
He lay waking till day,
When she awoke, gude tent he took
To hear what she should say.

Nae rest then could he tak',
But tumbles here and there;
The first word that she spak',
She said, "I'll mat ye fare!
That wad not let me rest,
And I sae sick this night!"
For joy he her embraced,
His heart was hie on height.

* On the point of success—a modification of the word *achieve*.

Then forth she shew, all that she knew,
When that she could not speak;
Frae she began, she spared nought then,
'Twas marvel for a sick!

* * * *

[*Several stanzas seem here to be wanting.*]

* * * *

"And when I did her pray
In license for to sit,
That is the nearest way
To put her by her wit.
God knows the drearie life
I've led sin' she was dumb;
Of ane gude quiet wife,
Is now ane fiend become!
Her speech but cession, but rhyme or reason,
Now deafens a' the house,
Allace, this day! that may I say,
That ever she spak' sae crouse."

"Nay, blame thyself," quoth he,
"That gave her superflue,
Thou laid in leaves three,
Where ane had been enow.
Hadst thou done as I bade,
Or now thou shouldst have seen,
The twa chafts of her head
A tempered tongue between.
But wha may let her? a wife will clatter,
Nae man can controvert her;

The mimest * wife, that ever took life,
Wares words, if that ye start her."

Quoth he, "Tak what I have,
And leave her as ye fand her."
"Allace!" quoth he, "Ye rave;
I daur not come near hand her!
I am the devil nae doubt,
That language learn'd her till,†
I daur not be sae stout,
As bid her hold her still,
Frae‡ she delight to fecht and flyte,§
I daur not wi' her mell;
She will speak out; have ye nae doubt,
For all the devils in hell.

"The least devil in hell
Can give a wife her tongue;
The greatest, I you tell,
Can never mak' her dumb.
Frae she begin to clatter
She will claver where she please;
We devils can noways let her,
Sae tak' you the waneis.‖
Tho' neibours about, wish her tongue out,
It does them nought avail;
I say for me, she will chide till she die,
She is best with little daill."¶

Quoth he, "Then tell me plain,
What counsel best you call?"

* Most staid.
† Who taught her language.
‡ From the time that.
§ Scold.
‖ Uneasiness; vexation.
¶ Interference.

Quoth he, "Gang hame again,
For it is ill over all.
Let thy wife speak her fill,
For she thereto was born;
For wives will have their will,
Though you and I had sworn.
Whatever her happen, her tongue is her wapin,*
To speak then wha may let her?
Wha may gainstand, or countermand
A crabbed wife to clatter?"

Thus they departed plain;
The fiend flew owre ane hill,
The gudeman hame again,
And with his wife baid still.
Quoth he, "Now I perceive
There is nae leid† in land,
That has, as I wad have,
His wife at his command."
Frae then furth, ay, he let her say,
And never was offended,
But at her words made quiet bourds,‡
Till death their dayis ended.

* Weapon. † Person. ‡ Jests.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

FROM Herd's collection. This is a nursery ballad, of which there are several versions. A very good one, under the title of "Robin's Tesment," has been printed by Mr Buchan.

"GUDE day now, bonny Robin,
How lang have you been here?"
"O I've been bird about this bush
This mair than twenty year!

"But now I am the sickliest bird
That ever sate on brier;
And I wad make my testament,
Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

"Gar tak' this bonny neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn,
And gie it to Duke Hamilton,
To be a hunting-horn.

"Gar tak' these bonny feathers mine,
The feathers o' my neb,
Gie them to Lady Hamilton,
To fill a feather-bed.

"Gar tak' this gude right leg o' mine
And mend the brig o' Tay;

'Twill be a post and pillar gude,
Will neither bend nor lay.

"And tak' this other leg o' mine
And mend the brig o' Weir;
'Twill be a post and pillar gude,
Will neither bend nor steer.

"Gar tak' these bonny feathers mine,
The feathers o' my tail;
Gie them the lads o' Hamilton,
To be a threshing flail.

"And tak' these bonny feathers mine,
The feathers o' my breist,
And gie to ony bonny lad
That'll bring to me a priest!"

Now in there came my Lady Wren
Wi' mony a sigh and groan;
"O what care I for a' the lads,
If my wee lad be gone?"

Then Robin turned him round about,
E'en like a little king;
"Gae, pack ye out at my chamber-door,
Ye little cutty quean!"

YOUNG BEKIE.

In the prefatory note to "Lord Beichan," I have alluded to the following ballad, as a probable instance of the appropriation of a minstrel theme, without any larceny of the words. I am strongly of opinion that this is purely a Scottish ballad as regards the diction; and, though it may have suffered somewhat in the course of tradition, it is by no means devoid of merit. Here, also, the Brownie appears as a tutelary genius.

YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea;
And he's done him to the court o' France,
To serve for meat and fee.

He hadna been in the court o' France,
A twelvemonth, nor sae lang,
Till he fell in love wi' the King's daughter,
And was thrown in prison strang.

The King he had but ae daughter,
Burd Isbel was her name;
And she has to the prison gane,
To hear the prisoner's maen.

"O gin a lady wad borrow me,
At her stirrup I wad rin;
Or gin a widow wad borrow me,
I wad swear to be her son.

"Or gin a virgin wad borrow me,
I wad wed her wi' a ring;
I'd gie her ha's, I'd gie her bowers,
The bonny towers o' Linne."

O barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,
And barefoot cam' she ben;
It wasna for want o' hose and shoon,
Or time to put them on.

But a' for fear that her father,
Had heard her making din;
For she's stown the keys o' the prison,
And gane the dungeon within.

And when she saw him, young Bekie,
Wow, but her heart was sair!
For the mice, but and the bald rattons,
Had eaten his yellow hair.

She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,
A comber till his hair;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
To spend, and nae to spare.

She's gi'en him a steed was gude at need,
And a saddle o' royal bane,
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter,
And Hector called ane.

Atween thir twa a vow was made,
'Twas made full solemnlie,
That or three years were come and gone,
Weel married they should be.

He hadna been in his ain countrie,
A twelvemonth till an end,
Till he's forc'd to marry a duke's daughter,
Or then lose a' his land.

"Ochon, alas!" says young Bekie,
"I kenna what to dee;
For I canna win to Burd Isbel,
And she canna come to me."

O it fell out upon a day,
Burd Isbel fell asleep,
And up and starts the Billy Blin',
And stood at her bed feet.

Says "Waken, waken, Burd Isbel!
How can ye sleep sae soun',
When this is Bekie's wedding-day,
And the marriage gaein' on?

"Ye'll do ye till your mother's bower,
As fast as ye can gang;
And ye'll tak' three o' your mother's Maries,
To haud you unthocht lang.

"Ye'll dress yoursel in the red scarlet,
The Maries in daintie green;
And ye'll put girdles about your middle,
Wad buy an Earldom.

"Syne ye'll gang doun by yon sea-side,
And doun by yon sea-strand,
And bonny will be the Hollans boats,
Come rowing till your hand.

"Ye'll set your milkwhite foot on board,
Cry, 'Hail ye, Domine!'
And I will be the steerer o't,
To row you o'er the sea."

She's ta'en her till her mother's bower,
As fast as she could gang;
And she's ta'en twa o' her mother's Maries,
To haud her unthocht lang.

She's drest hersel in the red scarlet,
And them in the dainty green;
And they've put girdles about their middles,
Wad buy an earldom.

And they gaed doun by yon sea-side,
And doun by yon sea-strand;
And sae bonny as the Hollans boats
Cam' rowing till their hand.

She set her milkwhite foot on board,
Cried, "Hail ye, Domine!"
And the Billy Blin' was the steerer o't,
To row her o'er the sea.

When she cam' to young Bekie's gate,
She heard the music play;
And her mind misgae by a' she heard,
It was his wedding day.

She's puttin her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en the porter markès three;
"Hae, tak' ye that, ye proud porter,
Bid your master speak to me."

O when that he cam' up the stair,
He fell low doun on his knee;
He hail'd the King, and he hail'd the Queen,
And he hail'd him, young Bekie.

"O I have been porter at your yetts
This thirty year and three;
But there are three ladies at them now,
Their like I did never see.

"There's ane o' them drest in red scarlet,
And twa in dainty green;
And they hae girdles about their middles,
Wad buy an earldom."

Then out and spake the burdly bride,
Was a' gowd to the chin;
"Gin they be fine without," she says,
"We'se be as fine within."

Then up it starts him, young Bekie,
And the tear was in his e'e;
"I'll lay my *life it's Burd Isbel,*
Come o'er the sea to me."

O quickly ran he doun *the stair;*
And when he saw *'twas she,*
He kindly took her *in his arms,*
And kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye forgotten now, young Bekie,
The vow ye made to me,
When I took you out o' prison strang,
When ye was condemn'd to die?

"I gae you a steed was gude at need,
And a saddle o' royal bane;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter,
And Hector called ane."

It was weel kent what the lady said,
That it was na a lie;
For at the first word the lady spak',
The hound fell at her knee.

"Tak' hame, tak' hame your daughter dear;
A blessing gang her wi';
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,
That's come o'er the sea to me."

"Is this the custom o' your house,
Or the fashion o' your land,
To marry a maid in a May morning,
Send her back a maid at e'en?"

BARBARA ALLAN.

THIS copy of a very popular ballad is taken from Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany." Another version, of greater length but inferior merit, will be found in Percy's "Reliques."

IT was and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme in the west countrie,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
Came to where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I am sick, and very sick,
And a' for Barbara Allan!"
"O the better for me, ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling!

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern drinking,

That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealing,
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan!"

Slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every toll that the dead-bell gave,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
O mak' it fast and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

LADY MAISRY.

THIS old ballad first appeared in Mr Jamieson's collection, where it is stated to have been taken down from recitation; and it has, since then, been repeatedly printed.

THE young lords o' the north countrie
Have all a-wooing gane,
To win the love o' Lady Maisry,
But o' them she would hae nane.

O they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,
Wi' broaches and wi' rings,
And they hae courted her, Lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kin kind o' things.

And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,
Frae father and frae mither,
And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,
Frae sister and frae brither.

And they hae followed her, Lady Maisry,
Thro' chamber and thro' ha';
But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was "Na."

"O haud your tongues, young men," she said,
"And think nae mair on me;

For I've gi'en my love to an English lord,
And I hae nae mair to gie."

Her father's kitchen boy heard that,
(An ill death mot he die),
And he's away to seek her brother,
As fast as he might hie.

"O is my father and my mother weel,
But and my brothers three?
Gin my sister, Lady Maisry, be weel,
There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother are weel,
But and your brethren three,
Your sister, Lady Maisry's, weel,
Sae big wi' bairn is she."

"A malison be on the tongue
Sic tidings tells to me!
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You shall be hanged hie."

He's done him to his sister's bower,
Wi' mickle dule and care;
And there he saw her, Lady Maisry,
Kaiming her yellow hair.

"O wha is aucht that bairn," he says,
"That ye sae big are wi'?
And gin ye winna tell the truth,
This moment ye shall die."

She's turned her right and round about,
And the kaim fell frae her han',

A trembling shook her fair bodie,
And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,
And the truth I'll tell to thee;
My bairn it is to Lord William,
And he is betrothed to me."

"O couldna ye gotten dukes or lords
Intill your ain countrie,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog,
To bring this shame on me?

"But ye maun gie up your English lord
When your young babe is born,
For, gin ye keep by him an hour langer,
Your life shall be forlorn."

"I will gie up my English love,
Till my young babe be born;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn."

"O where are a' my merry young men,
Whom I give meat and fee,
To pu' the bracken and the thorn,
To burn this harlot wi'?"

"O where will I get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin in haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi' speed?"

And out then spak a bonny boy
Stood by her brother's side,

"It's I wad rin your errand, lady,
O'er a' the warld sae wide.

"Aft hae I run your errands, lady,
When blew baith wind and weet,
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,
Wi' the saut tears on my cheek."

O whan he cam' to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he cam' to the green grass growing,
He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And when he cam' to Lord William's yett,
He badena to chap or ca',
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lightly lap the wa'.

"O is my biggings broken, boy?
Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet
Of a daughter or a son?"

"Your bigging is na broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won,
But the fairest lady in a' the land
This day for you maun burn."

"O saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown;
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town!"

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his war-horse sneeze;

"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's nae come to my knees."

O when he lighted at the yett,
She heard his bridle ring:
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's yet far frae my chin!

"Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me;
For I see him coming hard and fast,
Will soon mend it up for thee!

"O had my hands been loose, Willy,
As they are hardly boun',
I wad hae turned me frae the gleed,
And cast out your young son!"

"O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother,
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother.

"And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief o' a' your kin;
And the last banefire that I come to,
Mysell I will cast in!"

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

THIS ballad is taken from the Border Minstrelsy. Sir Walter Scott says regarding it: "The date of this ballad, and its subject, are uncertain. From internal evidence, I am inclined to place it late in the sixteenth century. The ballad itself was given, in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman, who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored, from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations."

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane;
Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twae sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be;
* * * * *

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
Ye bought him books, and he wadna read."—
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun';
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gaen,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Wellcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And ay sae weel as he learned me."

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loun,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand."

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loun?
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand, thou shalt fight with me."

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he suld fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twad be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will! so let it be.
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."

Then he's put on 's back a good auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt;
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that thither came?
I think it be my brother dear;
I think it be young Christie Græme."

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!'
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head.

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree.

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."

Then he's thrown aff his coat of mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours;
When twa lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapped fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward stroke,
Ane ackward stroke strucken sickerlie;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!
Arise, and speak three words to me!—
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leaching may succour thee?"

"O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitched his sword in a moodie-hill,*
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the grund fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O hald your tongue, my father dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
A grave to hald baith him and me;

* Mole-hill.

But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame!
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

GRANGE'S BALLAD.

But for the title, I should have hesitated to include this poem in the series; nevertheless, as it is in sort a ballad, and curious of its kind, I have given it a place. It is the production of a strenuous adherent of Queen Mary, written in 1571, or 1572, when the renowned Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, returning to the allegiance from which he had been seduced by the artifices of the Regent Murray, held the castle of Edinburgh in name of his lawful sovereign. It is unnecessary to say that the fervid anticipations of the poet were not realised; for Kirkaldy, after having successfully defied the whole force of the Scottish Regency, was at last, after a most obstinate defence against an army sent from England, compelled, through famine and lack of men, to surrender. His capitulation was made, not with Morton, who was then Regent of Scotland, but with the English general; and therefore Kirkaldy was entitled to expect that his life at least should be spared. But Elizabeth was not then in one of her magnanimous moods, if, indeed, she ever gave way to such feminine weakness; and Kirkaldy, whom the Constable Montmorency had styled the first soldier in Europe, was delivered over to the cruel and implacable Morton, his personal enemy, and was, by his orders, hanged upon the gibbet.

The ballad was printed in Dalzell's "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," I presume from a manuscript copy—at least I have not met with it elsewhere. It seems to have been carelessly transcribed—I mean, by the original copyist—and some lines are rather obscure in Dalzell's edition. But no fanciful emendations were required; for, with a little study, I have been able to detect the verbal errors. In the

8th stanza, the word which I have given as "tailliant"—*i. e.* "holder or defender"—is in Dalzell's copy "tailzeoŭr," or tailor, with which gentle craft Kirkaldy would scarcely have claimed brotherhood. In this poem, as in others taken from old manuscripts or accurate reprints, I have modernised the obsolete mode of spelling.

I.

AT the castell of Edinbruch,
Upon the bank baith green and rough,
As mine alone I lay,
With paper, pen, and ink in hand,
Musing, as I could understand
Of the sudden decay,
That unto this puir nation
Appearandly does come;
I fand our congregation
Was cause of all and some;
Wha's actors, instructors,
Has blinded them sae lang,
That blameless, and shameless,
Baith rich and puir they wrang.

II.

Thae wicked vain Venerians,
Proud poisoned Pharisians,
Wi' their blind guides but grace,
Has caused the puir countrie
Assist unto their traitorie,
Their prince for to displace.
For teen* I cannot testify
How wrongously they wrought,

* Grief.

When they their prince so piteously
In prison strang had brought.
Abused her, accused her,
With serpent wordis fell,
Of schavels,* and rebels,
Like hideous hounds of hell.

III.

Thae desperate birds of Belial
Thought nought but to advance their sell,
Frae they had her doun thrawn,
Wi' falset and hypocrisie,
To commit open traitorie,
As clearly now is knawn.
But the great God omnipotent
That secret thoughts does pierce,
Relieved has that innocent
Out of their rage sae fierce;
Provided, and guided
Her to an uncouth land,
Where wander, and slander
With enemies nane she fand.

IV.

Sin' time of which direction,
This countrie's in subjection
And daily servitude,
With men of war in garrison
To the commons' oppression,
By slight and southron blood;
Whose craft, ingyne,† and policy
Full ready bent is ever

* Rogues. † Ingenuity.

By treason under amity,
Our nobles to dissever.
Some robbing, some bribing,
Their study they employ,
That slightly, unrightly,
They may this realm enjoy.

V.

This guiding gar'd great grief arise
In me, who no ways could devise
To mend this great mischance,
And, as I argued all the case,
I heard ane say, within this place;
"With help of God and France,
I shall within a little space
Thy dolours all redress,
With help of Christ thou shall, or peace,
Thy kindly prince possess.
Detrusars, refusers
Of her authoritie,
None caring, or sparing,
Shall either die or flee.

VI.

"Tho' God, of his just judgment,
Thole* them to be a punishment
To her their supreme head;
Yet sin' they were participant
With her, and she now penitent,
Right surely they may dread.
As wicked scourges has been seen,
Got for the scourging-hyre,†

* Suffer. † Executioner.

When sinners repent from the spleen,
The scourge cast in the fire.
Sae Morton, by fortune,
May get this same reward;
His boasting, nor posting,
I do it not regard.

VII.

"Baith him and all their companie,
Tho' England would them fortify,
I care them not a leek;
For all their great munition,
I am in sure tuition,
This hold it shall me keep.
My realm and prince's libertie,
Therein I shall defend,
When traitors shall be hanged hie,
Or mak' some shameful end.
Assure them, I care * them,
Even as they do deserve;
Their treason, this season,
It shall not mak' me swerve.

VIII.

"For I hae men and meat eneugh,
They knew I am a tailliant tough,
And will be right soon grieved,
When they hae tint † as mony teeth,
As they did at the siege of Leith,
They will be fain to leave it.

* Esteem. † Lost.

Then wha, I pray you, shall be boun',
Their tynsal * to advance;
Or give sic composition
As they gat then of France?
Thus syled,† beguiled,
They will but get the glaiks;‡
Come they here, thir twa year,
They sall not miss their paiks.§

IX.

"As for my niebours, Edinbruch toun,
What shall be their part, up or doun,
I cannot yet declare;
But ae thing I mak' manifest,
Gif they me ony thing molest
Their booths shall be made bare.
Gif fire may their buildings sack,
Or bullet beat them doun,
They sall not fail that end to mak',
For steers || made in this toun.
Sae muse them, and chuse them
What part they will ensue;
Forsake me, or back me,
They sall drink as they brew."

X.

He bade me rise, and muse nae mair,
But pray to God baith late and aire,¶
To save this noble lodge;

* Loss: in this passage the word seems to signify *ransom*.

† Circumvented.

‡ Be deceived: *glaik*, means the flash, or reflection of the sun from a mirror, and is metaphorically used to signify illusion.

§ Chastisement. || Disturbances. ¶ Early.

Which is, in all prosperitie,
And likewise in adversitie,
  Our prince's plain refuge.
Therefore all true men I exhort,
  That ye with me accord,
That we all, baith in earn'st and sport,
  Ask at the living Lord,
That hanged, or manged,*
  May ilk man mak' his end,
Wha duly, and truly,
  Wad not this house defend.

* Maimed.

THE LAIRD OF DRUM.

FEW families in the north of Scotland can boast of "redder blood" than the Irvines of Drum, who still remain in possession of the estates granted for loyal service to their ancestor by King Robert the Bruce. Inflexible "kingsmen," their names appear in the records of almost every stirring period, from the battle of the Harlaw, when they were represented by,

> "Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
> The much-renowned Laird of Drum,
> Nane in his days was better seen,
> When they were semblit all and some,"

down to the great rebellion, when another Alexander received the compliment of excommunication at the hands of the Covenanters on account of his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and was under sentence of death when rescued by the Marquis of Montrose. This latter Alexander is the Laird of Drum celebrated in the following ballad. His first wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Huntly; but in his advanced years he took to himself a second of humble degree, Margaret Coutts by name, an alliance which gave great offence to his kindred, but which seems rather to have gratified the commons, with whom the ballad is still a favourite. Versions are given in the Collections of Messrs Kinloch and Buchan.

THE Laird o' Drum is a-hunting gane,
All in a morning early,
And he did spy a weel-faur'd May,
Was shearing at her barley.

"My bonny May, my weel-faur'd May,
O will ye fancy me, O;
And gae and be the Leddy o' Drum,
And let your shearing a-be, O?"

"It's I winna fancy you, kind sir,
Nor let my shearing a-be, O;
For I'm ower low to be Leddy Drum,
And your miss I'd scorn to be, O."

"But ye'll cast aff that gown o' grey,
Put on the silk and scarlet;
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
Ye'll be neither miss nor harlot."

"My father, he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speer at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O—
"I am come to marry your ae daughter,
If ye'll gie me your good-will, O."

"My dochter can naether read nor write,
She ne'er was brocht up at scheel,* O;
But weel can she milk baith cow and ewe,
And mak' a kebbuck† weel, O.

"She'll shake your barn, and win your corn,
And gang to kiln and mill, O;

* School,—*Aberdeen dialect.* † Cheese.

She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw aff your boots hersell, O.

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She shall neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersell, O.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Four-and-twenty gentlemen
Gaed in at the yetts of Drum, O;
But no a man has lifted his hat,
When the Leddy o' Drum came in, O

"Peggy Coutts is a vera bonnie bride,
And Drum is big and gawsy;*
But he might hae chosen a higher match
Than ony shepherd's lassie!"

Then up bespak his brother John,
Says, "Ye've done us meikle wrang, O;
Ye've married ane far below our degree,
A mock to a' our kin, O."

"Now haud your tongue, my brother John,
What needs it thee offend, O?
I've married a wife to work and win,
And ye've married ane to spend, O.

* Jolly.

"The first time that I married a wife,
She was far abune my degree, O;
She wadna hae walked to the yetts o' Drum,
But the pearlin' abune her bree, O.*
And I durstna' gang in the room where she was,
But my hat below my knee, O!"

He has taen her by the milkwhite hand,
And led her in himsell, O;
And in through ha's, and in through bowers,—
"And ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O."

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' men bound for bed, O,
The Laird of Drum, and his Leddy fair,
In ae bed they were laid, O.

"Gin ye had been o' high renown,
As ye're o' low degree, O;
We might hae baith gane doun the streets,
Amang gude companie, O."

"I tauld ye weel ere we were wed,
Ye were far abune my degree, O;
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
And just as gude as ye, O.

"For an I were dead, and ye were dead,
And baith in ae grave had lain, O;
Ere seven years were come and gane,
They'd no ken your dust frae mine, O."

* Without lace above her brow.

GLASGOW PEGGIE.

THIS is a common stall ballad, with many variations in the different copies. Mr Kinloch has given an excellent version from recitation; but that contained in Mr Sharpe's Ballad Book is the one most generally current. I have carefully collated these with another copy, giving, for the most part, the preference to the version of Mr Kinloch.

THE Lowland lads think they are fine,
But the Hieland lads are brisk and gawsy,
And they hae come doun to Glasgow toun,
To steal awa' a bonnie lassie.

"O I wad gie my bonnie black horse,
And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,
That I were a hundred miles in the north,
And nane wi' me but my bonnie Peggie."

But up then spak' the auld gudeman;
And wow, but he spak' wondrous saucie;
"Ye may steal awa' our cows and ewes,
But ye shanna get our bonnie lassie."

"I hae got cows and ewes enow,
I've got gowd and gear already;
Sae I dinna want your cows or ewes,
But I will hae your bonnie Peggie."

But up then spak' the auld gudewife;
And wow, but she look'd wondrous yellow,—
"Now since I've brocht ye up this length,
Wad ye gang awa' wi' a Hieland fellow?"

"I'll follow him owre moss and muir,
I'll follow him owre mountains many,
I'll follow him through frost and snaw,
I'll bide nae langer wi' my daddie."

He's set her on his bonnie black horse,
Himsel' upon his gude grey naigie;
And they have ridden owre hills and dales,
And he's awa' wi' his bonnie Peggie.

As they rade out frae Glasgow toun,
And by the side o' Antermony,
There they met the Earl o' Hume,
Wi' him his auld son, riding bonnie.

Out bespak' the Earl o' Hume,
And O but he spak' wondrous sadly;
"The bonniest lass in a' Glasgow toun,
Is aff this day with a Hieland laddie!"

As they rade by auld Drymen toun,
The lasses leuch, and lookit saucy,
That the bonniest lass they ever saw,
Should be riding awa' wi' a Hieland laddie.

It's they rade on through moss and muir,
And sae did they owre mountains many,
Until that they cam' to yonder glen,
And she's lain down wi' her Hieland laddie.

Gude green hay was Peggie's bed,
And brakens were her blankets bonnie;
Wi' his tartan plaid aneath her head,
And she's lain down wi' the Hieland laddie.

There's mair than ae bed in my father's house,
There's sheets and blankets and a' thing ready,
And wadna they be angry wi' me,
So see me lie sae wi' a Hieland laddie?"

"Tho' there's beds and beddin in your father's house,
Sheets and blankets and a' made ready;
Yet why should they be angry wi' thee,
Though I be but a Hieland laddie?

"Dinna ye see yon nine score o' kye,
Feeding on yon hill sae bonnie?
They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,
And what needs your mother be sorry, Peggie?

"See ye no a' yon castles and towers?
The sun shines on them a' so bonnie,
It's I am Donald, the Lord o' Skye,
I think I'll mak' ye as blythe as ony."

A' that Peggie left behind
Was a cothouse and a wee kail-yardie;
Now I think she is better by far
Than tho' she had got a Lowland lairdie.

THE LASS OF ANGLESEY.

THIS lively little ballad was printed in Lawrie and Symington's collection, 1791. Mr Buchan repeats it with slight variation, changing the name to Englessie, which may be the correct reading. I cannot offer even a conjecture as to its meaning.

OUR king he has a secret to tell,
And aye we'll keep it, must and be;
The English lords are coming down
To dance and win the victory.

Our king has cried a noble cry,
And aye we'll keep it, must and be;
"Gar saddle ye, and bring to me
The bonnie lass of Anglesey."

Up she starts as white as the milk,
Between him and his company;
"What is the thing I hae to ask,
If I should win the victory?"

"Fifteen ploughs but and a mill,
I'll gie thee till the day thou die;
And the fairest knight in a' my court,
To chuse thy husband for to be."

She's ta'en the fifteen lords by the hand,
  Saying, "Will ye come dance wi' me?'
But on the morn, at ten o'clock,
  They gave it o'er most shamefully.

Up then rose the fifteenth lord;
  I wat an angry man was he;
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,
  And to the floor gaed manfully.

He said, "My feet shall be my dead,
  Before she win the victory;"
But before 'twas ten o'clock at night
  He gaed it o'er as shamefully.

THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

VERSIONS of this ballad are popular both in England and Scotland. Mr Bell, in his "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," has printed a copy under the name of "The Merry Broomfield, or the West Country Wager," and expresses himself as satisfied of its antiquity. He says, moreover, "In Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' is a ballad called the 'Broomfield Hill:' it is a mere fragment, but is evidently taken from the present ballad, and can be considered only as one of the many modern antiques to be found in that work." Mr Bell does not seem to be aware that the greater part of that ballad appeared in Herd's collection, 1776; and that another copy was recovered from recitation by Mr Buchan. The metre of the Scottish is essentially different from that of the English versions, a circumstance which deserves remark; and from a certain marked difference in the tone, I incline to the opinion that, in this case, the ballad has passed in remote times from the minstrelsy of the one country into that of the other, by a very simple process, as explained in the introduction. It was quite natural that a minstrel who had once heard a ditty recited or sung, should at his leisure attempt to reconstruct it from no other aid but that of memory, and so produce a ballad differing in words, and even in metre, but nearly the same in story and incident.

The following version is constructed from the copies peculiarly belonging to Scotland.

"I'LL wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maid shanna go to yon bonny greenwood,
And a maiden return again."

"I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maiden shall go to yon bonny greenwood,
And a maiden return again."

The lady stands in her bower door,
And thus she made her maen,
"O shall I gang to the Broomfield hill,
Or shall I stay at hame?

"For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,
A maid I'll not return;
And if I stay frae the Broomfield hill,
I'll be a maid mis-sworn."

Then out and spake a witch woman,
Sat in the room aboon;
"O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill,
And yet come maiden hame.

"For, when ye gang to the Broomfield hill,
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
And a broom-cow* at his feet.

* Bush.

"Take ye the blossom of the broom,
Strew't at his head and feet,
And aye the thicker that ye strew,
The sounder he will sleep.

"Take ye the rings off your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he does wake,
His love was at his command."

She pu'd the bloom frae aff the broom,
Strew't on his white hals bane;
"This is a sign whereby ye may know
That your love has come and gane."

"O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here?"

"I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring;
But na kin' thing wald waken ye,
Till she was past and gane."

"And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,
That I did love so dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here."

"I clapped wi' my wings, master,
And aye my bells I rang,

And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,
Before the ladye gang."

"But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds, of gude green wood,
Of your flesh shall have their fill."

"Ye needna burst your good white steed,
Wi' racing o'er the howm;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
Than she fled through the broom."

RICHIE STORIE.

THIS ballad has reference to a passage in the domestic history of a distinguished Scottish family. Lady Lillias Fleming, a daughter of John, third Earl of Wigton, contracted a marriage about the year 1670 with one Richard Storry, who appears to have served in a menial capacity. Like most of the ballads of that period, its literary merit is indifferent; and I insert it principally because the words, recast in a romantic form, and applied to a more interesting subject, have been set to music by a noble lady, and are now very popular, under the title of "Huntingtower." The following version is printed in Mr Sharpe's Ballad-book.

THE Earl o' Wigton had three daughters,
O braw wallie! but they were bonnie;
The youngest o' them, and the bonniest too,
Has fallen in love wi' Richie Storie.

"Here's a letter for ye, madame,
Here's a letter for ye, madame;
The Earl o' Hume wad fain presume
To be a suitor to ye, madame."

"I'll hae nane o' your letters, Richie,
I'll hae nane o' your letters, Richie,

For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I'll have none but you, Richie!"

"O do not say so, madame,
O do not say so, madame,
For I have neither land nor rent,
For to maintain you o', madame!

"Ribands ye maun wear, madame,
Ribands ye maun wear, madame,
With the bands about your neck
O' the gowd that shines sae clear, madame."

"I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie,
I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie;
And I'll be aye at your command,
And bidding when ye like, Richie!"

O he's gane on the braid braid road,
And she's gane through the broom sae bonnie,
Her silken robes down to her heels,
And she's awa wi' Richie Storie.

This lady gaed up the Parliament stair,
Wi' pendles in her ears sae bonnie;
Mony a lord lifted his hat,
But little did they ken she was Richie's lady.

Up then spake the Earl o' Hume's lady,
"Was na ye right sorry, Annie,
To leave the lands o' bonny Cumbernauld,
And follow Richie Storie, Annie?"

"O, what need I be sorry, madame,
O, what need I be sorry, madame?
For I've got them that I like best,
And were ordained for me, madame!"

"Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,
Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;
And a' that's mine, it shall be thine,
As we sit at the wine, Annie!"

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL'S NURSE.

I HAVE been fortunate in recovering the words of this ballad; for although its peculiar air, and one or two fragmentary stanzas, had been long familiar to me, a complete set was wanting. Mr Buchan has given a version, entire as regards the story, but the words do not agree with the air; and that published by Mr Kinloch was very defective. I have already acknowledged my obligation to the last-named gentleman for having allowed me the use of his manuscript collection, formed subsequently to his publication of 1827; and in it I have found two other versions of this ballad, taken from recitation, which have enabled me to restore it in what I believe to be its original shape.

AS I went in by the Duke of Atholl's yett,
I heard a fair maid singing;
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
And the bells o' the court were ringing.

"O it's I am the Duke of Atholl's nurse,
And the place does well become me,
But I wad gie a' my half-year's fee,
To hae but ae sight o' my Johnie."

"O here is your Johnie just by your side,
What hae you to say to your dearie?
O here is my hand, but anither has my heart,
And I daurna mair come near ye."

"Ohon and alace, if anither has your heart,
Sae sair as you've betrayed me!
But let us set a tryst to meet again,
And ye'se hae my leave to gae frae me.

"Ye'se do ye down to yonder change-house,
And there bide till the dawing,
And as sure as I ance had a love for you,
I'll come there, and I'll clear your lawing.

"Ye'll spare not the wine, tho' it be very fine,
And ye'll not leave it early,
But ay ye'll drink to the bonnie lass's health,
That's to clear your lawing fairly."

So he's done him down to yonder change-house,
And drank till the day was dawing,
And ay he drank to the bonnie lass's health,
But she cam' not to clear the lawing.

He's done him to a little shot-window
To see if she were coming;
And there he spy'd twelve weel-armed men,
That ower the hill were running.

"Where shall I rin, or where shall I gang,
Or where now shall I lay me?
For she that ance was my ain true-love,
Has sent her kin to slay me!"

He's done him to the gudewife o' the house,
Where she was bent on baking;
Says, "O but an ye will succour me now,
My life it will soon be taken."

"Now haud your tongue," said the wylie gudewife,
"Your life sall no be taken;
Gae, put ye on my ain body-cla'es,
And set ye to the baking."

Sae loudly as they rapped at the yett,
Sae loudly they were ca'ing;
"O had ye a young man here yestreen?
We hae come to pay his lawing."

"There was a young man was here late yestreen,
But he gaed ere the dawing;
He had but ae pint, and he paid it or he went;
What hae ye to do wi' the lawing?"

"Show us the room that the young man lay in,
And may be we'll come near him!"
They stabb'd the feather-beds round and round,
And the curtains they spared na to tear them.

"It's weel for me," quo' the wylie gudewife,
"That the Duke maun answer your breaking."
They gaed as they cam, and left a' things undone,
And the young man was busy baking.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

THIS ballad was first published in Percy's "Reliques," from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland, I presume, by Lord Hailes; and the editor says, regarding it: "This piece seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in a former part of this work. If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories; besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others."

The observation is certainly justified by the context of the poem, as it appears in the "Reliques;" for the latter portion of it is evidently interpolated, the catastrophe being taken from the ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." But these verses were probably inserted by the transcriber to fill up a hiatus in an imperfect copy. The ballad, as traditionally known in Scotland, has another ending, similar to that of the English ballad called "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," and is so given by Mr Jamieson, who took it down from the recitation of a lady at Arbroath. He has called it "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie." Another version, of which I have seen some stanzas, and in which the story is precisely similar, is current in Aberdeenshire.

In the following version, the first twenty-four stanzas are given as they appear in the "Reliques;" the remaining fourteen stanzas are transcribed from Mr Jamieson's work, with no other alteration than that of the names, and the omission of three or four verses which Mr Jamieson admits that he supplied, but which appear to me to be unnecessary.

In case this should be considered as an unwarrantable liberty, or ruthless act of mutilation, I shall here insert the concluding verses as they appear in the "Reliques," so that the reader may be enabled to compare them with those given in the text.

"The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strak fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote be:
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-brown bride,
That fell deid at his feet.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he said,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cried;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be near;
And by this you may ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear."

The marked inferiority of four of these stanzas to the other portions of the ballad, is, I think, very obvious.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sat a' day on a hill,
When night was come, and the sun was set,
They had na talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill;
"O I will never wed a wife,
Against my ain friends' will."

"Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed ye."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And kneel'd upon his knee.

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to me;
O sall I tak' the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she's gat nane,
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it will soon be gane."

And he has to his brother gane;
"Now, brother, rede ye me,
O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has owsen, brother,
The nut-brown bride has kye;
I wad hae you marry the nut-brown bride,
And cast fair Annet by."

"Her owsen may dee in the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae naething to mysel,
But a fat fadge by the fire."

And he has to his sister gane;
"Now, sister, rede to me;
O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye tak' fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane,
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame?"

"No! I will tak' my mither's counsel,
And marry me out o' hand;
And I will tak' the nut-brown bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it were day,
And he has gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheen,
Let us gae to Saint Marie's kirk,
And see that rich weddin'."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room
And dress to me my hair,
Where'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock,
The ae half is o' the holland fine,
The ithor o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells,
Were a' tied to his mane,
Wi' ae tift o' the norlan' wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights,
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam' to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stane,
The cleiding that fair Annet had on,
It skinkled in their e'en.

And when she cam' into the kirk,
She skimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
And her e'en they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-brown bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
"Where gat ye that rose-water, Annet,
That does mak' ye sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
Where ye'll get never nane,
For I did get that very rose-water,
Before that I was born.

"Where I did get that rose-water,
Ye'll never get the like;
For ye've been washed in Dunnie's well,
And dried on Dunnie's dyke.

"Tak' up and wear your rose, Thomas,
And wear't wi' meikle care;
For the woman sall never bear a son
That will make my heart sae sair."

When night was come, and day was gane,
And a' men boune to bed,
Lord Thomas and the nut-brown bride
In their chamber were laid.

They were na weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up and stands she, fair Annet,
Just at Lord Thomas' feet.

"Weel bruik ye o' your nut-brown bride,
Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding-sheet,
That suits me best of a'.

"Weel bruik ye o' your nut-brown bride,
Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black, black kist,*
That has neither key nor lock!"

Lord Thomas rase, put on his claes,
Drew till him hose and shoon;
And he is to fair Annet's bower,
By the lee light o' the moon.

The firsten bower that he cam' till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters,
Were making fair Annet a sark.

The nexten bower that he cam' till,
There was right dowie cheer;
Her father and her seven brethren,
Were making fair Annet a bier.

The lasten bower that he cam' till,
O heavy was his care,
The deid candles were burning bright,
Fair Annet was streekit there.

"O I will kiss your cheek, Annet,
And I will kiss your chin;

* Coffin.

And I will kiss your clay-cauld lip,
But I'll ne'er kiss woman again.

"This day ye deal at Annet's wake,
The bread but and the wine;
Before the morn at twal' o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tither in Marie's quire,
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
Until they twa did meet,
And every ane that pass'd them by,
Said, "Thae's been lovers sweet!"

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

An imperfect copy of this fine old ballad was printed in Percy's "Reliques:" the version here given first appeared in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany." It must have found its way into England early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for Shakespeare has quoted a verse of it in "Othello."

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning o' our kye to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, gudeman, save Cromie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

"My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kine;
Aft hath she wet the bairnies' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;

But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me."

"In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase;
I'll have a new cloak about me!"

"Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa',
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

DURING the reigns of the James's, and even earlier, most of the royal burghs of Scotland were distinguished for their excellence in some particular branch of manufacture, of which they enjoyed almost a monopoly. Selkirk was the emporium for boot and shoe making, and hence the burgesses were and are collectively known as the "Souters of Selkirk." If the title was at first bestowed in derision, the men of Selkirk made it honourable at the battle of Flodden, to which bloody field they sent a quota of eighty men, headed by their town-clerk William Brydone, of whom but few returned.

Three verses of a song, said to have been composed upon this occasion, and containing a reflection upon Lord Hume, to whose pusillanimity, if not treachery, the defeat was popularly attributed, have been made the subject of a great deal of antiquarian discussion. The antiquity of the song has been denied, and the ire of the Souters much aroused by an assertion that it simply had reference to a football match between the people of Selkirk and the men of Hume. Sir Walter Scott, who was Sheriff of the county, and also a Souter by virtue of his having been made a burgess of Selkirk, declared himself on the side of antiquity, and has expressed, at some length, his opinion in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." But if the version given in the notes to "Johnson's Musical Museum" is the correct one (as the editor of that work, who was born and educated in the neighbourhood of Selkirk, positively asserts to be the case), there can be no room for doubt. He says, "The words, as well as the genuine simple air of the ballad, both of which have been shockingly mutilated

and corrupted, are here restored, as the editor heard them sung and played, by the Border musicians, in his younger days."

The version is certainly very spirited, and much superior to that which is commonly printed.

UP wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And down wi' the fazart* Lord Hume!
But up wi' ilka braw callant
That sews the single-soled shoon;
And up wi' the lads o' the Forest
That ne'er to the Southron wad yield;
But deil scoup o' Hume and his menzie,
That stude sae abiegh† on the field!

Fye! on the green and the yellow,
The craw-hearted loons o' the Merse;
But here's to the Souters o' Selkirk,
The elshin, the lingle, and birse.‡
Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the deil!

* Cowardly. † Aloof.
‡ Implements of the Souters' craft.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

THIS ballad, according to Sir Walter Scott, is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farmhouse, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent, named Douglas-burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas-craig.

"From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas-burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."

"RISE up, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak' a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me nae other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair ladye I've win.

"O mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
  Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
  May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,
  Lady Margaret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
  And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
  And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
  They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
  And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
  And flang't in St Mary's Loch.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

THE hero of this ballad was John, seventh Lord Maxwell, who, in the year 1613, was beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh for the murder of the Laird of Johnston. Between the Maxwells and the Johnstons there had been a long-standing feud. They were the two most powerful families in the south-west of Scotland; and in case of any political outbreak or disturbance, the chieftains almost invariably took opposite sides. In 1585, John, sixth Lord Maxwell, was denounced as a rebel on account of his opposition to the government of the Earl of Arran; and according to the wretched practice of the times, the Laird of Johnston received a commission to proceed against him. This was an unlucky adventure, for the Maxwells not only defeated the Johnstons, but set fire to the castle of Lochwood, the chief seat of that name.

Eight years afterwards, in 1593, Maxwell, being restored to royal favour, was Warden of the West Marches, and in his turn received a commission to proceed against the Johnstons. But these royal commissions were of unfortunate consequence, for on this occasion the Lord Maxwell was slain, some say by the hand of his rival, in a combat at Dryfe's Sands. It will hardly be credited, but it is nevertheless true, that, in order to keep alive and stimulate the unholy passion of revenge, the body of the slaughtered lord was not committed to the earth until the year 1597, when a peremptory order from the King and Council was issued, ordaining his representative to have the body buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, within twenty days, under pain of rebellion.

John, seventh Lord Maxwell, appears to have been a very turbulent character. In 1607, we find him making his escape in a daring manner from the castle of Edinburgh, in which he had been warded, and a few months afterwards he committed the crime for which he was brought to the scaffold. The following is Calderwood's account of the tragedy:

"The Lord Maxwell being proclaimed traitor after the breaking out of ward in the castle of Edinburgh, and thereupon driven to great straits, sent to the Laird of Johnston, craved a meeting, pretending he would now be heartily reconciled with him, and not for the fashion, as he was before at the king's pleasure, because he perceived he did not trouble him now, being an outlaw, as he looked for. They meet at the place appointed—Maxwell and one with him, Johnston and another with him; and Sir Robert Maxwell of Spotts (near cousin to the Lord Maxwell, and brother-in-law to the Laird of Johnston), who was employed by Maxwell to draw on the tryst. They meet on horseback, and salute each other heartily in outward show, and went apart to confer together. While Johnston and Maxwell are conferring apart, Maxwell's second began to quarrel Johnston's second, and shot a pistolet at him, whereupon he fell. Johnston, hearing the shot, cried 'Treason!' and, riding from Maxwell to the two gentlemen to understand what the matter meant, Maxwell shooteth him behind the back. So Johnston fell, and died of the shot. Soon after, proclamation was made at the Cross of Edinburgh, that none, under pain of death, transport or carry away the Lord Maxwell out of the country, in ship or craer, seeing the King and Counsel was to take order with him for the traitorous murdering of the Laird of Johnston, and his other offences."

Nevertheless Lord Maxwell contrived to make his escape to the Continent, but had the rashness to return after the lapse of five years. He was apprehended in Caithness, tried at Edinburgh, condemned, and executed.

Sir Walter Scott, who inserted the ballad in the Border Minstrelsy, remarks, "It seems reasonable to believe that the following ballad must have been written before the death of Lord Maxwell in 1613, otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608, and that period."

"ADIEU, madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see;
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

"Though I hae slain the Lord Johnston,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains:
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I laboured oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I've got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.

"Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
And Closeburn in a band!
The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnston struck aff his hand.
They were three brethren in a band—
Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
Has twin'd my love and me.

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair!
Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there:
Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
The Langholm-holm, where birks there be;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

"Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell;
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come o'er the sea;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For I may not stay wi' thee."

"Lord of the land!"—that ladye said,
"O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Whare safest ye may be!
There Hamiltons and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee."
"Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee."

Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hang signets three;
"Hae, take thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me:
But if thou take another lord,
Ere I come ower the sea—

His life is but a three days' lease,
  Tho' I may not stay wi' thee."

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
  That gude lord went away;
And maist part of his friends were there,
  To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they did na spare,
  Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
  And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Goodnight.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

THERE is an excellent version of this ballad still current, under the title of "The Laird of Ochiltrie;" but there can be no doubt that the ballad refers to an incident during the reign of James VI.

In the year 1592, a gentleman of the Court, Wemyss of Logie, was arrested on suspicion of having been privy to some of the treasonable attempts of Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, to seize the person of the king. According to an old historian, "Queen Anne, our noble princess, was served with divers gentlewomen of her own country, and namely with ane called Mistress Margaret Twinston, to whom this gentleman, Wemyss of Logie, bore great honest affection, tending to the godly band of marriage; the whilk was honestly requited by the said gentlewoman, yea, even in his greatest mister (distress). For how soon she understood the said gentleman to be in distress, and apparently by his confession to be punished to the death, and she having privilege to be in the queen's chalmer, that same very night of his accusation, where the king was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the door privily, baith the princes being then at quiet rest, and passed to the chalmer where the said gentleman was put in custody to certain of the guard, and commanded them that immediately he should be brought to the king and queen; whereunto they giving sure credence, obeyed. But howsoon she was come back to the chalmer door, she desired the watches to stay till he should come forth again; and so she closed the door, and convoyed the gentleman to a window, where she ministrat a lang cord

unto him to convoy himself down upon; and sae by her guid charitable help he happily escaped by the subtlety of love." We are further informed that "Logie married the gentlewoman after, when he was received into the king's favour again."

In the "Ochiltrie" version of the ballad, the queen is represented as the person who aids the escape, and the story is narrated with a good deal of humour.

I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel;
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
And may Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love o' young Logie.

May Margaret sits in the queen's bower,
Kinking her fingers ane by ane;
Cursing the day that she e'er was born,
Or that she e'er heard o' Logie's name.

"Lament, lament na, may Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life of young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Fareweel to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She kneelit lowly on her knee—
"O what's the matter, may Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life of young Logie."

"O na, O na, may Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it maunna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life of young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding-kaim,*
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;

* Comb for the hair.

For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake,
Was—"Where's the laird of young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about
(I wot the tear blinded his eye),
"There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?" quoth he;
"The morn the justice court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supplie."

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may drie—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"

May Margaret turn'd her round about
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she),
"The egg is chipped, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie:
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

THE House of Airlie, in Forfarshire, was a place of great strength, built on a rocky promontory at the confluence of the Melgum and the Isla. In the year 1640, James, Earl of Airlie, a devoted royalist, had passed into England to avoid the necessity of signing the Covenant, or otherwise of refusing to do so; but as his castles of Airlie and Forter were garrisoned and in charge of his son Lord Ogilvy, the Committee of Estates, who had usurped the supreme power, determined on their reduction. Accordingly, a small force was sent; but the Lord Ogilvy, when summoned to render the place, made answer that his father was absent, and had left with him no commission which entitled him to surrender the place to subjects; so that, with God's help, he would defend the same to the utmost of his power. After a little skirmishing and reconnoitring, the assailants, perceiving that they could not, with the limited means at their disposal, hope to gain possession of the House, withdrew. But the Committee of Estates, being determined, at all hazards, to get these strongholds into their hands, or to have them destroyed, issued a commission to the Earl of Argyle (the well-known "Gillespie Grumach"), authorising him to take and destroy the castles. Argyle, who was at feud with the Ogilvies, joyfully obeyed—if, indeed, the commission was not granted at his special request; and, having raised five thousand men of his clan, he marched upon Airlie. Lord Ogilvy, being aware that resistance to such a force was

useless, withdrew; and Argyle, after plundering Airlie Castle, set it on fire, and afterwards razed the walls. In an account written by James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, it is said that Argyle "was seen taking a hammer in his hand, and knocking down the hewed work of the doors and windows, till he did sweat for heat at his work."

From Airlie he proceeded to Forter, where Lady Ogilvy was, being then near her confinement. He is said to have behaved to her with much cruelty, turning her out of doors, and even refusing to grant permission to her grandmother, and his own kinswoman, the Lady Drummie, to receive her into her house of Kelly. The House of Forter was also razed to the ground, but not, if local tradition is to be believed, until the Campbells had kept possession of it for several months.

A curious anecdote is related by Gordon, which shows the animus of the Earl of Argyle against the kindred of the Ogilvies. His commission simply applied to the reduction of the strongholds of Airlie and Forter, but he had no scruple about stretching it. "At such time as Argyle was making havoc of Airlie's lands, he was not forgetful to remember old quarrels to Sir John Ogilvy of Craig, cousin to Airlie; therefore he directs one Serjeant Campbell to Sir John Ogilvy's house, and gives him warrant to sleight it. The serjeant coming thither, found a sick gentlewoman there and some servants; and looking upon the house with a full survey, returned without doing anything, telling Argyle what he had seen, and that Sir John Ogilvy's house was no strength at all; and therefore he conceived that it fell not within his orders to cast it down. Argyle fell in some chafe with the serjeant, telling him that it was his part to have obeyed his orders, and instantly commanded him back again, and caused him to deface and spoil the house."

Of this ballad there are many versions, with a great variety of readings; but the following, I have reason to believe, is the original.

IT fell on a day, and a bonnie summer-day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute,
Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,
An hunder harness'd rarely;
And he's awa' by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the castle o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower window,
And O, but she looks weary,
And there she spied the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly."
"O, I wadna kiss the fause Argyll,
Though ye should na leave a standing stane
in Airlie."

He has taken her by the left shoulder,
Says, "Dame, where lies thy dowry?"
"O it's east and west yon wan water-side,
And it's down by the banks o' the Airlie."

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it doun,
They hae sought it maist severely;
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree,
That stands on the bowling-green o' Airlie.

He has taen her by the middle sae sma',
And O, but she grat sairly!

And he's set her down by the bonny burnside,
Till they plundered the castle of Airlie.

"O, I hae seven braw sons," she says;
"The youngest ne'er saw his daddie;
But though I had an hundred mae,
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie!

"But gin my gude lord had been at hame,
As this nicht he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west,
Hae plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie!"

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

I SHALL now give, in succession, three ballads relating to the career of the great Marquis of Montrose. The first is inaccurate as to its locality, for the action which it describes as taking place in the Haughs of Cromdale, was in reality the battle of Auldearn, in which Montrose defeated the Covenanting General, Sir John Urry. The ballad can hardly have been written at the time of the engagement, as the designation of "Cromwell's men" was not applicable to the forces under the command of Urry.

In this engagement Allister, or Alexander MacDonald, familiarly known as Colkitto (the name which Milton denounces on account of its cacophony), greatly distinguished himself. The following is Sir Walter Scott's account of the battle, as given in his "Tales of a Grandfather."

"Montrose prepared to give battle at the village of Auldearn, and drew up his men in an unusual manner to conceal his inequality of force. The village, which is situated on an eminence, with high ground behind, was surrounded by enclosures on each side and in front. He stationed on the right of the hamlet Alexander MacDonald, called Colkitto, with four hundred Irishmen and Highlanders, commanding them to maintain a defensive combat only, and giving them strict orders not to sally from some sheepfolds and enclosures, which afforded the advantages of a fortified position. As he wished to draw the attention of the enemy towards that point, he gave this wing charge of the royal standard, which was usually displayed where he commanded in person. On the left side of the village of Auldearn he drew up the prin-

cipal part of his force, he himself commanding the infantry, and Lord Gordon the cavalry. His two wings being thus formed, Montrose had in reality no centre force whatever; but a few resolute men were posted in front of the village, and his cannon, being placed in the same line, made it appear as if the houses covered a body of infantry.

"Urry, deceived by these dispositions, attacked with a preponderating force the position of MacDonald on the right. Colkitto beat the assailants back with the Irish musketeers, and the bows and arrows of the Highlanders, who still used these ancient missile weapons. But when the enemy, renewing their attack, taunted MacDonald with cowardice for remaining under shelter of the sheepfolds, that leader, whose bravery greatly excelled his discretion, sallied forth from his fastness, contrary to Montrose's positive command, to show he was not averse to fight on equal ground. The superiority of numbers, and particularly of cavalry, which was instantly opposed to him, soon threw his men into great disorder, and they could with difficulty be rallied by the desperate exertions of Colkitto, who strove to make amends for his error by displaying the utmost personal valour.

"A trusty officer was despatched to Montrose, to let him know the state of affairs. The messenger found him on the point of joining battle, and whispered in his ear that Colkitto was defeated. This only determined Montrose to pursue with the greater audacity the plan of battle which he had adopted. 'What are we doing?' he called out to Lord Gordon; 'MacDonald has been victorious on the right, and if we do not make haste, he will carry off all the honours of the day!' Lord Gordon instantly charged with the gentlemen of his name, and beat the Covenanters' horse off the field; but the foot, though deserted by the horse, stood firm for some time, for they were veteran troops. At length they were routed on every point, and compelled to fly with great loss.

"Montrose failed not instantly to lead succours to the relief of his right wing, which was in great peril. Colkitto

had got his men again secured in the enclosures; he himself, having been all along the last to retreat, was now defending the entrance, sword in hand, and with a target on his left arm. The pikemen pressed him so hard as to fix their spears in his target, while he repeatedly freed himself of them by cutting the heads from the shafts, in threes and fours at a time, by the unerring sweep of his broadsword.

"While Colkitto and his followers were thus hard pressed, Montrose and his victorious troops appeared, and the face of affairs was suddenly changed. Urry's horse fled, but the foot, which were the strength of his army, fought bravely, and fell in the ranks which they occupied. Two thousand men, about a third of Urry's army, were slain in the battle of Auldearn; and, completely disabled by the overthrow, that commander was compelled once more to unite his scattered forces with those of Baillie."

The battle of Auldearn was fought on 4th May 1645.

AS I cam' in by Auchindoun,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Hielands I was boune,
To view the haughs o' Cromdale;

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news;
Quo' he, "The Hieland army rues
That e'er we cam' to Cromdale.

"We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us cam',
A bluidy battle then began
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

"The English horse they were sae rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Hieland blude,

But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

"But alas, we could nae langer stay,
For ower the hills we cam' away;
And sair do we lament the day
That e'er we cam' to Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say;
"Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will ower the hills this day,
And view the haughs o' Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you're not sae strang,
You scarcely have twa thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say;
"I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will ower the hills this day,
And see the haughs o' Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them cam';
A second battle then began
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Grants, MacKenzies, and MacKays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought maist vehemently
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The MacDonalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,

MacIntosh played a bonnie game
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The MacGregors fought like lions bold,
MacPhersons, none could them control,
MacLachlans fought like loyal souls,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

MacLeans, MacDougals, and MacNeills,
Sae boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frasers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, wi' Montrose,
Sae boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down wi' Hieland blows,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest o' them lies on the plain,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

THOUGH not of much merit as a poem (as, indeed, none of the partisan ballads of this period are), the following ditty, preserved by recitation in Selkirkshire, is valuable as an authentic song of exultation. The Covenanters might well plume themselves upon this victory, for it decided the fate of the royal cause in Scotland, and rendered utterly nugatory all the brilliant successes and unwearied enterprise of the great Marquis of Montrose.

Acting as the Lieutenant of Charles I., that brave nobleman had made himself master for the time of the whole of Scotland. At the battle of Kilsyth, fought on 15th August 1645, the Covenanters were totally routed; and if Montrose had contented himself with occupying Scotland, and reducing the few places of strength which still were in the hands of his opponents, he might possibly have affected the issue of the great Civil War. But, with him, daring was carried to a point which must be characterised as rashness; and he resolved, with forces wholly inadequate for such a purpose, to carry the war into England. The Highlanders, by whose valour the field of Kilsyth had been mainly won, were, according to their invariable habit in the days of clanship, dropping away from his standard as he advanced south; and on the Borders the bulk of the people were unfriendly to his cause. At that time there was in England a considerable Scottish army ranged on the side of the Parliament; and immediately upon receipt of the news of Kilsyth, General David Lesly was despatched at the head of five or six thousand men, chiefly cavalry, to intercept the advance of the Marquis.

Lesly, an old and wary soldier, entered Scotland by the way of Berwick, and, by a circuitous route, approached the army of Montrose, then quartered near Selkirk, from the north. The surprise was complete. Under cover of a dense mist, he, upon the morning of 13th September 1645, assailed the camp of Montrose, and gained a complete victory. The Marquis himself escaped, not without difficulty. About four hundred men fell on the field; but the glory of the victory was sullied by an indiscriminate massacre of prisoners; of which, it is said, some of the ministers were approving witnesses. If that were the case, their sympathisers should make some allowance for subsequent retaliation. But I really believe that there has been gross exaggeration on both sides, so I shall not add another word to a subject which ought, by this time, to be exhausted.

ON Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead wood it ended;
The Scotts out o'er the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the border cam',
Wi' heart an' hand cam' he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scotts,
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel concealed,
As close as e'er might be.

When they cam' to the Shaw burn,
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,

I think it is convenient,
That we should sing a psalm."*

When they cam' to the Lingly burn,
As daylight did appear,
They spy'd an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father!"
Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

"But, first, you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be;
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country."

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be;
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

"If you're Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I'm sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

"There's fifteen thousand armed men
Encamped on yon lee;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

* Various reading:—
"That we should take a dram."

"But halve your men in equal parts
Your purpose to fulfil;
Let ae half keep the water-side,
The rest gae round the hill.

"Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum;
And then they'll think the day's their ain,
And frae the trench they'll come.

"Then those that are behind them maun
Gie shot, baith grit and sma';
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa'."

"O were ye ever a soldier?"
Sir David Lesly said;
"O yes; I was at Solway flow,
Where we were all betray'd.

"Again I was at curst Dunbar,
And was a pris'ner taen;
And many a weary night and day
In prison I hae lien."

"If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded shall ye be;
But if that ye a traitor prove,
I'll hang thee on a tree."

"Sir, I will not a traitor prove;
Montrose has plunder'd me;
I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country."

He halved his men in equal parts,
  His purpose to fulfil;
The one part kept the water-side,
  The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party fired brisk,
  Then turn'd and seem'd to rin;
And then they a' cam' frae the trench,
  And cry'd, "The day's our ain!"

The rest then ran into the trench,
  And loosed their cannons a';
And thus, between his armies twa,
  He made them fast to fa'.

Now, let us a' for Lesly pray,
  And his brave company!
For they hae vanquish'd great Montrose,
  Our cruel enemy.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

NEXT in order, as an historical ballad, comes the following outpouring of grief, by some nameless minstrel, for the wreck of the royal cause, and for the melancholy fate of the great Marquis of Montrose. I give the ballad precisely as it is printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," but I cannot help thinking that the final verse, alluding to the Restoration of Charles II., must have been a subsequent addition, for the tone of the poem otherwise is that of utter despondency.

NOW, fare thee weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their countrie.

I have nae gold, I have nae land,
I have nae pearl nor precious stane;
But I wald sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days when they began,
Sir John the Graham did bear the gree

Through all the lands of Scotland wide;
He was a lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time;
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They all were dressed in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leaguer down there for to lay;
And in the bonnie summer-light,
We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadly enemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betrayed our noble prince,
And banish'd him from his royal crown;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand
For to command those traitors down.

In Glen-Prosen * we rendezvoused,
March'd to Glenshie by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

* Glen-Prosen, in Angusshire.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
At Inverlochie, where war began,
And scarce two thousand men were they.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day;
The Lord preserve his majestie!

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for King Charles wear the blue;
But the cavaliers they all were sold,
And brave Harthill, a cavalier too.

And Newton Gordon, burd-alone,
And Dalgatie, both stout and keen,
And gallant Veitch upon the field,
A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Countrie and kin, I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Grahams are gone to high Germany.

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
And to Germany to gather fame;
And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
Back unto Scotland fair he came,
For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham!

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end;
Where there were killed, for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men.

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne;
For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith!
And Lesly, ill death may thou die!
For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the laird of Assint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town;
And frae his body taken the head,
And quartered him upon a trone.

And Huntly's gone the self-same way,
And our noble king is also gone;
He suffered death for our nation,
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come hame,
King Charles the Second in degree;
The Lord send peace into his time,
And God preserve his majestie!

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

If I did not consider myself in some measure bound to give a specimen of every kind of ballad which is in circulation in Scotland, and which has some claim to antiquity, I certainly should have omitted the following, as being pure doggrel. Nevertheless it is both old and popular, is sung at the present day by the peasantry in Aberdeenshire, and is a stock-piece with the chapmen throughout the northern districts of Scotland. I cannot pretend to assign any date to its composition; but it was known to Burns, who quotes the first line of it, with reference to a supposed tune; and it has an original air (given in "Johnston's Museum"), to which it is invariably sung. The title I take to be arbitrary. The Dukedom of Gordon was created in the year 1684, and there is no passage in the history of that family of a later date, which could be the foundation of such a story. Indeed, Burns says that the opening line was,

"The Lord o' Gordon has three daughters."

No one expects to find names set down accurately, even in ballads which are purely historical; but in this instance the minstrel, either advisedly or by accident, has set forward names which apparently lead to identification of parties. George, Earl of Huntley, chief of the Gordons, who was killed at the battle of Corrichie in 1562, *had* three daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean, as specified in the ballad, and Jean *did* marry a Captain Alexander Ogilvie. So far song and history agree; but history tells us much more, and

indeed gives the lie to the minstrel. Lady Jean Gordon was not wedded to Captain Ogilvie in the flower of her youth. Her first husband was the notorious James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell; and that marriage was annulled by the contrivance of Bothwell, when he aspired to the hand of the unfortunate Queen Mary. Her second husband was Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594, and at his demise she was in her fiftieth year. She afterwards married Captain Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, by whom, it is unnecessary to say, she left no issue.

Notwithstanding the remarkable coincidence of names, it seems highly improbable that she was the lady upon whom the ballad was composed; at all events, it is evident that the minstrel knew nothing of her personal history. I am inclined to think that the coincidence is altogether accidental. It was no uncommon practice for the reciters to prefix to their ditties high-sounding or popular names as a kind of additional attraction. Thus, one version of the ballad printed in this collection as "The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie," is vended at the stalls under the alluring title of "The Duke of Perth's Three Daughters." Nor were the minstrels at all scrupulous in the choice of pedigrees for the ennoblement of their heroes and heroines. Whenever it was necessary for the denouement of the story to elevate the station of a stray damsel, she was fathered upon the Earl of Richmond, or the Earl of Stockford, or, in certain extreme cases, upon his most Christian Majesty of France.

This ballad found favour in the critical eyes of Ritson, who inserted it in his collection of Scottish songs; possibly on the same principle which I once heard assigned by a penurious traveller for his invariable preference of the thinnest and sourest *vin ordinaire* to a more genial vintage. "Flavour and strength," he said, "may be all very well in their way, but they are sure signs of adulteration. Sir, I stand for purity; and I defy all the wine-doctors in the world to adulterate *this!*"

THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,
Elisabeth, Margaret, and Jean;
They wad not stay in bonnie Castle-Gordon,
But they wad go to bonnie Aberdeen.

They had na been in Aberdeen,
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Jean fell in love wi' Captain Ogilvie,
And awa' wi' him she wad gae.

Word cam' to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love wi' Captain Ogilvie,
And awa' wi' him she wad gae.

"Gae saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the gray;
And I will ride to bonnie Aberdeen,
Where I hae been mony a day."

They were na a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only threen,
Till he met wi' his twa daughters walking,
But awa' was Lady Jean.

"Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking wi' you?"

"O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us," they did say:
"Lady Jean is wi' Captain Ogilvie,
And awa' wi' him she will gae."

When he cam' to Aberdeen,
And doun upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie
Training up his men.

"O wae to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die!
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou shalt be."

Duke Gordon has wrote a braid letter,
And sent it to the King,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

"I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For nae lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery."

Word cam' to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

"If this be for bonnie Jeanie Gordon,
This penance I'll tak' wi';
If this be for bonnie Jeanie Gordon,
All this I will dree."

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe on every arm,
Anither on her knee.

"O but I'm weary o' wandering!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets na the Duke o' Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

"O but I'm weary o' wandering!
O but I think lang!
"It sets na the Duke o' Gordon's daughter
To follow a single man."

When they cam' to the Highland hills,
Cauld was the frost and snow;
Lady Jean's shoon they were a' torn,
She could nae farther go.

"O wae to the hills and the mountains!
Wae to the wind and the rain!
My feet is sore wi' ganging barefoot,
Nae farther am I able to gang.

"Wae to the hills and the mountains!
Wae to the frost and the snow!
My feet is sore wi' ganging barefoot,
Nae farther am I able for to go.

"O, if I were at the glens o' Foudlen,
Where hunting I hae been,
I could find the way to bonnie Castle-Gordon
Without either stockings or shoon."

When she cam' to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud shout,
"O yonder comes Lady Jean!"

"O you are welcome, bonnie Jeanie Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me;
You are welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,
But awa' wi' your Captain Ogilvie!"

Now over seas went the Captain,
As a soldier under command;
A message soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

"Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land;
Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Be Earl of Northumberland."

"O what does this mean?" says the Captain,
"Where's my brother's children three?"
"They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee."

"Then hoist up your sails, brave captain!
And let's be jovial and free;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
Then my dear Jeanie I'll see."

He soon cam' to Castle-Gordon,
And 'down on the green cam' he;
The porter gave out wi' a loud shout,
"Here comes Captain Ogilvie!"

"You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie!
Your fortune's advanced, I hear;
Nae stranger can come into my gates,
That I do love sae dear."

"Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim."

"Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And drink o' the beer and the wine;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine."

"I'll hae nane o' your gold and silver,
Nor nane o' your white monie;
But I'll hae bonny Jeanie Gordon,
And she shall go now wi' me."

Then she cam' tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her e'e;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

"You're welcome, bonnie Jeanie Gordon,
Wi' my young family;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a Countess thou shalt be."

ERLINTON.

FROM the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory notice, states that it is "published from the collation of two copies, obtained from recitation."

ERLINTON had a fair daughter,
I wat he weird her in a great sin,*
For he has built a bigly bower,
An' a' to put that lady in.

An' he has warn'd her sisters six,
An' sae has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn and e'en.

She hadna been i' that bigly bower,
Na not a night, but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true-love,
Chapp'd at the door, cryin', "Peace within!"

"O whae is this at my bower door,
That chaps sae late, or kens the gin?"
"O it is Willie, your ain true-love,
I pray you rise and let me in!"

* Placed her in danger of committing a great sin.

"But in my bower there is a wake,
An' at the wake there is a wane;
But I'll come to the greenwood the morn,
Whar blooms the brier by mornin' dawn."

Then she's gane to her bed again,
Where she has lain till the cock crew thrice,
Then she said to her sisters a',
"Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise."

She pat on her back a silken gown,
An' on her breast a siller pin,
An' she's tane a sister in ilka hand,
An' to the greenwood she is gane.

She hadna walk'd in the greenwood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true-love,
Whae frae her sisters has her ta'en.

He took her sisters by the hand,
He kiss'd them baith, an' sent them hame,
An' he's ta'en his true-love him behind,
And through the greenwood they are gane.

They hadna ridden in the bonnie greenwood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
When there came fifteen o' the boldest knights,
That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

The foremost was an aged knight,
He wore the gray hair on the chin,
Says, "Yield to me thy lady bright,
An' thou shalt walk the woods within."

"For me to yield my lady bright
To such an aged knight as thee,
People wad think I war gane mad,
Or a' the courage flown frae me."

But up then spake the second knight,
I wat he spake right boustouslie,
"Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
Or here the tane of us shall die."

"My lady is my world's meed:
My life I winna yield to nane;
But if ye be men of your manhead,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
An' gae his lady him by the head,
Say'n, "See you dinna change your cheer,
Until you see my body bleed."

He set his back unto an aik,
He set his feet against a stane,
An' he has fought these fifteen men,
An' kill'd them a' but barely ane;
For he has left that aged knight,
An' a' to carry the tidings hame.

When he gaed to his lady fair,
I wat he kiss'd her tenderlie;
"Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;
Now we shall walk the greenwood free."

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

THIS very spirited ballad commemorates an encounter which took place between Gordon of Brackley and Farquharson of Inverey in the year 1666. The following version is that which was printed by Mr Jamieson.

DOWN Deeside cam' Inverey, whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yetts, at the day dawing.

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at your yett will gar your blood spin."

The lady rase up; to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them bye."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again?
Where'er I hae ae man, I wat they hae ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses; tak rokes in your hand,
And turn back the kye: I hae you at command.

"Gin I had a husband, as it seems I hae nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye taén."

Then up gat the baron, and cried for his graith;
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; and gie me my spear;
I aye was for peace, though I never fear'd weir.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; nor think I'm to blame;
I weel may gae out; but I'll never win in!"

When Brackley was buskit, and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted and rade o'er the green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonnie Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw:
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround;
And they've pierced bonnie Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

"O cam' ye by Brackley yetts? was ye in there?
Saw ye his Peggy dear, riving her hair?"

"O I cam' by Brackley yetts; I was in there;
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben,
And laughed wi' the men that her baron had slain.

"Oh, fye on ye, lady! how could you do sae!
You opened your yetts to the fause Inverey!

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in;
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron!

She kept him till morning; syne bade him be gane,
And shawed him the road whare he should na be tane.

"Through Birss, and Aboyne," she says, "lyin in a tour,
Ower the hills o' Glentannar ye'll skip in an hour."

There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron of Brackley is dead and awa.

THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE.

This ballad, though rude in structure, is extremely popular in the north-east of Scotland, where versions of it, in one shape or another, are to be found at every stall. It exhibits, as Mr Jamieson has remarked, an uncommon looseness in rhyming; indeed the rhymes, where they do occur, appear to be rather casual than intended. This is a marked feature in the ballad-poetry of Spain; and it is sometimes traceable in that of Germany—as, for example, in the old ballad called "Espenzweiglein," which commences thus:—

"Hätt mir ein Espenzweiglein
Gebogen zu der erden;
Den liebsten Bulen, den ich hab,
Der ist mir leider allzu ferne.

Er ist mir doch zu ferne nicht,
Bei ihm hab' ich geschlafen;
Von rothem gold ein fingerlein
Hab' ich in seinem bett gelassen."

Here the effect is produced solely through cadence, the element of rhyme being wanting.

This ballad is said to be founded upon a real occurrence—the daughter of the Miller of Tifty having fallen in love with the Trumpeter of Fyvie, but being prevented by her father from marrying him in consequence of his poverty. Her gravestone, bearing the date 1631, is shown in the parish churchyard; and on one of the turrets of Fyvie Castle there

is a stone figure of Andrew Lammie sounding his horn towards the Mill o' Tifty. The following version has been framed from collation of various copies, but chiefly of two which were given in Mr Jamieson's volumes.

"THERE springs a rose in Fyvie's yard,
And O but it springs bonny;
There's a daisy in the middle o't,
Its name is Andrew Lammie.

"I wish the rose were in my breast,
For the love I bear the daisy;
So blyth and merry as I wad be,
And kiss my Andrew Lammie.

"The first time I and my love met
Was in the wood o' Fyvie,
He kissed and he dawted me,
Ca'd me his bonny Annie.

"He kiss'd my lips a thousand times,
And ay he ca'd me bonny;
And ay sinsyne himsel was kind,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

"Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh,
Love, I maun gang and leave thee."
She sigh'd right sair, and said nae mair,
But, "O gin I were wi' ye!"

"I'll buy for thee a wedding-gown,
My love, I'll buy it bonny."
"But I'll be dead or ye come back,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

"I'll buy for you braw bridal shoon;
My love, I'll buy them bonny."
"But I'll be dead or ye come back,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

"It's true and trusty I will be,
As I am Andrew Lammie;
I'll never kiss a woman's mouth,
Till I return to Fyvie."

"I shall be true and trusty too,
As I am Tifty's Annie;
And I'll kiss neither lad nor loun,
Till ye return to Fyvie."

Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh
To the bonny hows o' Fyvie;
And ay his face to the nor'-east
To look for Tifty's Annie.

"I hae a love in Edinburgh,
And sae hae I in Leith, man;
I hae a love intill Montrose,
Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.

"And east and west, where'er I gae,
My love she's always wi' me;
For east and west, where'er I gae,
My love she dwells in Fyvie.

"But Tifty winna gie consent
His dochter me to marry;
Because she has five thousand marks,
And I have not a penny.

"Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love decays the body;
For love o' thee, O I must die,
Adieu, my bonny Annie!"

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house-top of Fyvie;
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,
'Twas heard at Mill-o'-Tifty.

Her mither raise out o' her bed,
And ca'd on baith her women;
"What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear;
O Annie, was ye dreamin'?

"What dule disturb'd my dochter's sleep?
O tell to me, my Annie!"
She sigh'd right sair, and said nae mair,
But, "O for Andrew Lammie!"

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' canny,
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
"Your cow is lowing, Annie!"

"O father dear, I pray forbear,
Reproach nae mair your Annie,
For I wad rather hear that cow,
Than a' the kye in Fyvie."

Her sisters they stood in the door,
Sair griev'd her wi' their folly;
"O sister dear, come to the door,
Your cow is lowing on ye."

"O fie, O fie, my sister dear,
Grieve me not wi' your folly;
I'd rather hear the trumpet sound,
Than a' the kye in Fyvie."

Her father beat her cruellie,
Sae also did her mother;
Her sisters sair did scoff at her,
But wae betide her brother!

Her brother beat her cruellie,
Till his straiks they werena canny;
He hurt her back, and he beat her sides,
For the sake o' Andrew Lammie.

"O if you ding me, I will greet,
And gentlemen will hear me;
Laird Fyvie he'll be riding by,
And he'll come in and see me."

"Yea, I will ding you tho' you greet,
And gentlemen should hear ye;
Tho' Laird Fyvie were coming by,
And did come in and see ye!"

So they dang her, and she grat,
And gentlemen did hear her,
And Fyvie he was riding by,
And did come in to see her.

"Mill-o'-Tifty, gie consent,
And let your dochter marry!"
"It maun be wi' a higher match,
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

"If she were full of as high blude,
As she is full o' beauty,
It's I wad tak' her to mysel,
And make her my ain lady."

"Fyvie lands lie braid and wide,
And O but they be bonny!
But I wadna gie my ain true-love,
For a' the lands in Fyvie!

"But mak' my bed and lay me down,
And turn my face to Fyvie,
That I may see, before I die,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

They made her bed, and laid her down,
And turn'd her face to Fyvie;
She gave a groan, and died or morn,
Sae ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

The Laird o' Fyvie he went hame,
And he was sad and sorry;
Says, "The bonniest lass o' the country-side
Has died for Andrew Lammie."

O Andrew's gane to the house-top
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie;
He's blawn his horn baith loud and shrill,
O'er the lawland leas o' Fyvie.

"Mony a time hae I walk'd a' night,
And never yet was weary;

But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my dearie.

"Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love decays the body;
For the love o' thee, now I maun die;
I come, my bonny Annie!"

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILLY.

THIS ballad may be considered as belonging to the Robin Hood series, and has indeed been included as such in Mr Gutch's collection. The following version is that published in the Border Minstrelsy (with the exception of three stanzas which have been excised), and Sir Walter Scott states that it was "given chiefly from Mrs Brown's MS." Of the currency of the ballad throughout Scotland there can be no doubt, for Mr Buchan has printed a version corresponding in essentials to this, though somewhat ruder in expression; and Mr Kinloch recovered a considerable fragment, which he has given under the title of "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John." It is evident, from the peculiarity of the rhymes, that this version belongs to Aberdeenshire.

O ROSE the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mother dear was dead:
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wished them twa little guid.

But she had twa as gallant sons,
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo'ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged hae they a bigly bower,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' their father's land.

But out and spake their step-mother,
As she stood a little forbye—
"I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."

She's called upon her eldest son;
"Come here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin sae it maun be, my dear mother,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But, be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye hae been to me."

She's called upon her youngest son;
"Come here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin it fear ye sair, my mother dear,
Your bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye hae been to me."

"Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part:
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."

Sae Bauld Arthur's gane to our king's court,
His hie chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to green-wood he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly;
"My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale,
To mourn our bower within?"

O cutted hae they their green cleiding,
A little abune their knee;
And sae hae they their yellow hair,
A little abune their bree.

And left hae they that bonny bower,
To cross the raging sea;
And they hae ta'en to a holy chapel,
Was christened by Our Ladye.

And they hae changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
And they hae sworn it to fulfil;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle-horn,
The tother suld come her till.

Sweet Willie's gane to the king's court,
Her true-love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude green-wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a time,
They putted at the stane;
And seven foot ayont them a',
Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting-stane,
And gave a sad "O hon!"
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,
"But that's a woman's moan!"

"O kent ye by my rosy lips?
Or by my yellow hair?
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
Ye never yet saw bare?"

"I kent na by your rosy lips;
Nor by your yellow hair;
But come to your bower whaever it be,
They'll find a ladye there."

When days were gane, and months were come,
The ladye was sad and wan;
And aye she cried for a bower-woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,
"And what needs this?" quo' he;
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"

"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain,
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

"But gin ye take that bugle-horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I hae a brother in yonder court,
Will come me quickly till."

"O gin ye hae a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blow the horn yoursell," he says,
"For a blast I winna gie."

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill:
Sweet William started at the sound,
And came her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye,
"Nae man shall come into this bower,
But first maun fight wi' me."

O they hae fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blude, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said—"Robin, let me be:
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee."

O seven foot he started back,
Cried—"Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's blude to see:

"And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye;
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly."

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right heartilie,
"She has been wi' ye this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she."

Now word has gane through all the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page, in gude green-wood,
Had born a bonny son.

The marvel gaed to the king's court,
And to the king himsell;
"Now, by my fay," the king did say,
"The like was never heard tell!"

Then out and spake him Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
"I trow some may has play'd the lown,*
And fled her ain countrie."

"Bring me my steed!" the king 'gan say;
"My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen."

"Gin it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,
"My liege, I'll gang you wi',

* Rogue.

And see gin I can meet a bonny page,
That's stray'd awa' frae me."

And they hae chased in gude green-wood,
The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bower,
About the close o' day.

Then out and spake the king himsell,
Says—"Arthur, look and see,
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
That leans against yon tree."

O Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,
And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willie started to her feet,
And ran him quickly till.

"O wanted ye your meat, Willie,
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,
That ye ran awa' frae me?"

"I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye ay was good:
I cam' to see my ae brother,
That wons in this green-wood."

Then out bespake the king again,—
"My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bower,
Beneath yon green aik tree?"

"O pardon me," said Sweet Willy,
"My liege, I dare na tell;

And gang na near yon Outlaw's bower,
For fear they suld you kill."

"O haud your tongue, my bonny boy!
For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang yon bower within,
Betide me weal or wae."

They have lighted frae their milk-white steeds
And saftlie entered in;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny young son.

"Now, by the mass," the king he said,
"This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forester's man,
This is a lady bright!"

O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee:—
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I'll tell thee.

"Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

"Yet had she twa as fu' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister dear,
And the tother said he lo'ed me."

Then out and cried him Bauld Arthur,
As by the king he stood,—

"Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The king has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the king's deer,
But when he saw the king himsell
He started back for fear.

The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude green-wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.

The king has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says—"Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou sall be."

They have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam' to the king's court,
For joy the bells did ring.

RULLION GREEN.

I PLACE in succession three ballads (all of which were printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"), relating to the disturbances which followed the restoration of Episcopacy in Scotland during the reign of Charles II.

The first in order refers to a skirmish at Rullion Green among the Pentland Hills, where the insurgents, headed by one Wallace, were routed by the cavalry of General Dalzell of Binns. This was not a general rising of the disaffected. It was a sudden outbreak on the part of the Covenanters of Dumfriesshire, who, enraged at the severities of the notorious Sir James Turner, then levying arbitrary fines from the non-conformists, seized upon that officer, and disarmed his soldiers. It must be allowed that, on this occasion, they displayed remarkable forbearance; for they spared the life of their oppressor when that was entirely in their power. None of the gentry joined them; but, being instigated by some of the ejected ministers who trusted to the contagion of example, they resolved to march towards Edinburgh, hoping to gain reinforcements by the way. Their numbers, when they reached Lanark, are said to have amounted to three thousand men; but as they approached Edinburgh, they received the disheartening intelligence that the city was fortified, the townsmen under arms, and cannon drawn out for their reception. This caused a panic and desertion, so that scarcely one-third of the Covenanters remained together; and though they made a courageous resistance, they could not withstand the shock of Dalzell's cavalry. It was at this engagement, fought on 28th November 1666, that the

Covenanters first made the discovery that old Dalzell, "the Muscovian beast," as they were wont to term him, had sold himself to the Prince of Darkness. A cloud of witnesses were ready to swear that they saw the bullets hopping off his buff-coat like hailstones.

This ballad is evidently the production of a Royalist. If, as Sir Walter Scott supposed, the gallant Grahams mentioned in the text were Graham of Claverhouse's horse, the ballad cannot have been written immediately after the event which it celebrates. Claverhouse was at that time an officer in the Dutch service, and did not hold an independent command in Scotland until the year 1678.

THE gallant Grahams cam' from the west,
Wi' their horses black as ony craw;
The Lothian lads they marched fast,
To be at the Rhyns o' Gallowa.

Betwixt Dumfries town and Argyle,
The lads they marched mony a mile;
Souters and taylors unto them drew,
Their covenants for to renew.

The whigs, they, wi' their merry cracks,
Gar'd the poor pedlars lay down their packs;
But aye sinsyne they do repent
The renewing of their covenant.

At the Mauchline muir, where they were reviewed,
Ten thousand men in armour showed;
But, ere they came to the Brockie's burn,
The half o' them did back return.

General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;

And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland hill.

General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will,
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty;
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's blude,
But wi' the country we'll conclude."

"Lay down your arms in the king's name,
And ye shall all gae safely hame;"
But they a' cried out wi' ae consent,
"We'll fight a broken covenant."

"O well," says he, "since it is so,
A willfu' man never wanted woe;"
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

The cleverest men stood in the van,
The whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullion Green.

LOUDON HILL.

THIS is a poetical account, by one of the Covenanting party, of the action which has been so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality." It was fought on 1st June 1679, shortly after the assassination of Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Muir.

YOU'LL marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly, and his train;
When last he march'd up thro' the land,
Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they cam' up o'er Loudoun hill.

Weel prosper a' the Gospel lads,
That are into the west countrie;
Ay wicked Claver'se to demean,
And ay an ill dead may he die!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
An' that baith soon an hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claver'se then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gie fire on yonder westlan' men:
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his cornet then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stop to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, an' fame;
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysel an' other ten."

But up spake wicked Claver'se then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cry'd that a' might hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

"I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his cornet then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudon hill.

"At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' mine;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonny train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Ay he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon an' suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' westland men;
Wha mair than either ance or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

THIS is a Covenanting ballad, of much higher poetical merit than is usually found in the compositions of that party. According to Sir Walter Scott, there were two Gordons of Earlstoun, father and son. The former was not actually at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, but was coming up to join the insurgents, after the retreat had commenced, and was shot by the dragoons. The son made his escape to Holland; but returning to Scotland, was tried, and convicted; possibly on account of participation in Argyle's rebellion. His life, however, was spared, but he suffered a long confinement, and was not set at liberty until after the Revolution. He was one of the unfortunate persons who were put to the torture, and afterwards imprisoned on the Bass.

The Battle of Bothwell Bridge, where the Covenanters were routed by the royal forces under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, was fought on 22d June 1679. The details of the action are so well known, that I do not think it necessary to enlarge this note. Assuming that this ballad was composed shortly after the execution of Monmouth, it is curious to remark the historical perversions.

"O BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either *gae* or *die*."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, fareweel father, and fareweel mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnilie!
When the duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their companie.

"Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your companie!

"But yield your weapons ane an' a';
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your countrie."

Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak bonnilie!
"I winna yield my weapons up
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And showr'd their shot down in the howe;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,
His cornet's death revenged should be.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"If ony thing you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."

Then wicked Claver'se turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his majesty!"

Then he's awa to London town,
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree;

Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his bodie.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

THIS fairy ballad, which is merely fragmentary, was included by Herd in his collection; and Mr Motherwell has given another copy, with some immaterial variations. It appears to have been the recited portion or introduction of an old English poem, which Mr Finlay has printed in his "Historical and Romantic Ballads," and which is of a prophetical character.

AS I was walking all alane,
Between the water and the wa',
There I spy'd a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,
And thick and thimber was his thie,
Between his e'en there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften't to my knee.

"O wee wee man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonny green ;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there cam' a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green,
Though the King o' Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his Queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam' to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma' ;
But in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

YOUNG BENJIE.

I GIVE this ballad as it appears in the Border Minstrelsy. A very curious version of it is contained in Mr Buchan's collection under the title of "Bondsey and Maisry," but it is not nearly so complete as the other.

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true-love,
And a dear true-love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd choose another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's ga'en by the wan moonlight,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true-love,
O open, and let me in!"
"I darena open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye choose another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her e'e,—
"I darena, darena, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith, laith to be dang,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak' her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak' her second brother,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak' her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak' her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear;
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to crăw;
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Whae was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang?
Or sall we pyke out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

"Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pyke out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green cravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house,
To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak' him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug his deadly sin."

HYNDE HORN.

VERSIONS of this old ballad have been severally given by Messrs Kinloch, Motherwell, and Buchan; and out of these the following has been compiled. Although much mangled by the reciters, this ballad is valuable, as being, beyond all doubt, a popular paraphrase of part of the very ancient metrical romance of "King Horn," or "Horne Childe and Maiden Rymenild." I am convinced that several of our best romantic ballads are derived from similar sources, and now remain to us in the shape of abridgements adapted for recitation.

"HYNDE Horn fair, and Hynde Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"
"In the gude greenwood there was I born,
And all my forbears me beforn.

"Seven long years I served the king,
And as for wages I gat nane;
Nane but ae sight o' his daughter fair,
And that was through an augre bore.

"I gied to her a silver wand
Might bear the rule o'er a' Scotland,
And she gied me a gay gold ring,
Wi' shining diamonds set therein."

"As long as that ring keeps its hue,
You'll ken I am a lover true;
But when the ring grows pale and wan,
Ye may ken I love another man."

He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he,
And he cam' unto a far countrie,
He's bided there a year and a day,
Yet never look'd at his ring so gay.

But sitting ae day by the sea,
Hynde Horn has looked how his ring may be;
The diamonds they were pale and wan,
And he knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails, and hame cam' he,
Hame unto his ain countrie;
The first he met upon the land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man?
What news hae you by sea or land?"
"Nae news, nae news," the puir man did say,
"But this is our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed,
And I'll lend you my riding steed?"
"My begging weed wad ill suit thee,
Your riding steed is na for me."

But part by right, and part by wrang,
He's won the cloak frae the beggar man;
"Now which is the gate that ye used to gae,
And what are the words that you beg wi'?"

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike-staff you will bend ye till,
But when ye come near by the yett,
Ye'll wait till they're at dinner set.

"Ask for the sake o' Peter and Poule,
An awmous for the beggar's cowl;
But see that ye tak' awmous nane,
From ony hand but the bride's alane."

As he gaed up unto the hill,
His pike-staff he did bend him till;
And when he cam' to the king's yett,
He bided till they were at dinner set.

He asked for the sake o' Peter and Poule,
An awmous for the beggar's cowl;
But awmous took he nane beside,
Till he gat it frae the bonnie bride.

The bride cam' tripping doun the stair,
Wi' the kaims of gowd intill her hair;
A cup o' red wine in her han',
And that she gied to the beggar-man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropp'd the ring.
"O gat ye this by sea or by land,
Or gat ye it frae a dead man's hand?"

"I gat it not by sea or by land,
Nor gat it I on a dead man's hand;
But I gat it at my wooing gay,
And I gie it you on your wedding-day!"

"I'll tak' the gowd kaims frae my head,
I'll follow you and beg my bread;
I'll tak' the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair!"

"Keep on, keep on your kaims," he said,
"You needna tak' them frae your head;"
Then down he loot his cloutie cloak fa',
And the red gowd shone owre him a'.

The bridegroom thought he had her wed,
But young Hynde Horn took her to bed.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

THIS well-known ballad was first published in Percy's "Reliques," with an acknowledgment of its Scottish origin. But it evidently had been for a considerable period current in England, and had received various alterations suitable to the genius and diction of the southern ballad poetry. It is to be regretted that no complete version has been recovered in Scotland, there being extant only a few stanzas commencing thus :—

The bonnie heir, the weelfaur'd heir,
And the weary heir o' Linne,
Yonder he stands at his father's yett,
And naebody bids him come in.

O see where he gangs, and see where he stands,
The weary heir o' Linne,
O see where he stands on the cauld causey,
Some ane suld hae ta'en him in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey,
Some ane wad hae ta'en him in.

A comparison of the two would have been instructive, as showing the changes to which oral poetry is frequently subject.

PART I.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen;
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him fro,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I wot, an he were the king himsel',
Of gold and fee he mot be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a steward keen,
And John o' Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne;
Let nocht disturb thy heavy cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee;
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-pennie;
But, for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was weel worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
He was right glad the land to win:
"The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lanesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But swear to me now upon the rood,
That lanesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
And, "Come with me, my friends," said he ;
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mot he thri'e."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin ;
And then his friends they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three ;
The tane was brass, the tither was lead,
And tither it was white monie.

"Now well-a-way !" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dule or care ?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had pay'd his gold away ;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way.

"Now well-a-way !" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
For, when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lanesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART II.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lanesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win,
But bare and lothely were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mot spye,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nocht save a rope with a running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:

"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thy all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent with this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spak the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spak but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprung aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne;
Ne knew if he were live or dead.
At length he looked and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;
The third was full of white monie;

And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see.

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer;
I wis, he neither stint ne staid,
Till John o' the Scales' house he cam' near.

And when he cam' to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere * then looked he:
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespak the heir of Linne;
To John o' the Scales then spak he:
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence to lend to me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
Away, away! this may not be:
For Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I lend thee one pennie!"

* An aperture in the wall; a shot window.

Then bespak the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spak he:
"Madam, some awmous on me bestow,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we suld hang ony losel here,
The first we wad begin with thee."

Then up bespak a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a right good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need there be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespak him John o' the Scales,
All wud * he answered him again:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,

* Furious.

Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he gave him a god's-pennie:
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monie."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them doun upon the board:
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din.
"The gold is thine; the land is mine;
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-a-way, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales!" said he;
"When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

THE DEMON LOVER.

THIS ballad was published in the Border Minstrelsy, having been "taken down from recitation by Mr William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe." Mr Motherwell, who reprinted it in his collection, evidently thought that it had been more than retouched by Mr Laidlaw, and has contrasted it with a meagre copy in his own possession. It certainly appears that some of the stanzas are modern—indeed, one was so palpable and clumsy a fabrication that I could not bring myself to retain it—but the foundation of the ballad is unquestionably old. Mr Buchan subsequently published a version called "James Herries," which, making allowance for ordinary variations, bears a strong general resemblance to that of Mr Laidlaw. I am inclined to think that a very good poem might be framed by collating and combining the two; but such a process is not necessary here, the versions being in themselves complete.

"O WHERE hae ye been, my lang-lost love,
This lang seven years and more?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
For they'll breed bitter strife;
O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
"I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground
If it hadna been for thee."

"I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea,
I might hae had a king's daughter,
Had it no been for love o' thee."

"If ye might hae had a king's daughter,
Yoursel' ye hae to blame;
Ye might hae taken the king's daughter,
For ye kenn'd that I was nane."

"O fause are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground
Had it no been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my twa babes also,
O where is it you would tak' me to,
If I with thee should go?"

"I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land,
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music of ilka hand."

She has taken up her twa little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
"O fare ye weel, my ain twa babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumly grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
The sails that were o' the taffetie
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven hoof,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O haud your tongue of your weeping," he says;
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills o' heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O what'n a mountain's yon," she said,
"Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain o' hell," he cried,
"Where you and I maun go!"

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

He struck the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brak that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

SIR ROLAND.

Mr Motherwell states that this ballad was communicated to him "by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth." I have not been able to find elsewhere any trace of such a ballad, but it has every appearance of antiquity, and if retouched, that process has been performed by a very skilful hand. I can recognise only one stanza—the fourth—as belonging to the common stock of the minstrels,—a circumstance which, in my mind, is in favour of its authenticity, since we rarely meet with imitations, of any merit, which do not exhibit a large quantity of pilfered material. Mr Motherwell was an admirable judge of ballad poetry, and had studied it so minutely that his recognition of this ditty, as a fragment of antiquity, is entitled to the highest respect.

* * * * *

WHEN he cam' to his ain love's bower,
He tirled at the pin;
And sae ready was his fair fause love
To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,
"Thrice welcome thou art to me;
For this night ye shall feast in my secret bower,
And to-morrow we'll wedded be."

"This night is Hallowe'en," he said,
"And to-morrow is Hallow-day;
And I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
That has made my heart fu' wae.

"I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,
And I wish it may come to gude;
I dreamed that ye slew my best grew-hound,
And gied me his lappered blude."

* * * * *

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
And set you safely down."
"O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the nicht is wondrous lown."

"Yes, dark dark is my secret bower,
And lown the midnight may be;
For there is none waking in a' this tower
But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * * *

She is mounted on her true love's steed,
By the ae licht o' the moon;
She has whipped him and spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but ane,
When she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding ower the plain.

She turned her to the richt about,
Then to the left turned she;
But aye between her and the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd-alane,
On a horse as black as jet;
But though she followed him fast and fell,
Nae nearer could she get.

"O stop! O stop! young man," she said;
"For I in dule am dight;
O stop, and win a fair lady's luve,
If ye be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,
And nothing did he blin';
Still slowly rade he on before,
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,
Till his breast was a' in a foam;
But nearer unto that tall young knight,
The ladye could not come.

"O if ye be a gay young knight,
As well I trow you be,
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin',
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.

"O is this water deep?" he said,
"As it is wondrous dun?
Or is it sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim?"

"The water it is deep," she said,
"As it is wondrous dun;
But it is sic as a saikless maid
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed;
The lady spurred on her brown;
And fast they rade into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my feet," she said;
"The water weets my knee;
Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."

"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin;
For I've sworn ne'er to trust to a fair may's word,
Till the water weets her chin."

"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said;
"Sae does it weet my skin;
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn maks sic a din.

"The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide;
And ay the farther that we ride on,
Farther off is the other side.

"Oh, help me now, thou fause fause knight!
Have pity on my youth;
For now the water jaws ower my heid,
And it gurgles in my mouth."

The knight turned slowly round about,
All in the middle stream;
And he stretched out his head to that ladye,
And loudly she did scream!

"O this is Hallow-morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day;
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away.

"And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes ower your bree;
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,
Wha rides this foord wi' me!

"Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round, and look on me!
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on wi' thee."

ALISON GROSS.

THIS ballad is from the collection of Mr Jamieson, who received it from the recitation of Mrs Brown. It may possibly be a composition of the time of James VI., so noted for the persecution of witches, and the universal belief in their supernatural and transforming powers. I am not, however, aware that there is any instance to be found in the voluminous judicial records of a witch having been accused of practising actual metamorphosis upon a victim, as represented in this ballad, and in that of "Kemp Owain." They were supposed to have the power of affecting the health of those against whom they bore a grudge, by incantations, and by forming wax images, which they either shot at, pierced with pins, or melted slowly at fires, to the unutterable torture of the originals. They could raise storms, and draw the milk from cattle by means of tugging at a hair-rope, as in the case of one notable sister, who was seen filling pail and bucket while chanting the following rune:—

Cow's milk, and mare's milk,
And every beast's that bears milk,
Between Saint Johnstoun's and Dundee,
Come a' to me, come a' to me.

But their powers of transformation were confined to their own persons, and seem to have been unlimited in that sphere. Nevertheless, we do not find that they affected the semblance of superior or exotic animals. They never shook the earth as elephants, roared as lions, prowled as tigers, or

even ravened as wolves, though the latter were not then extirpated from Scotland. They preferred to run as cats, or fly as crows; or otherwise, by a strange infatuation, to assume the form of hares, which oftentimes led to disagreeable consequences. Isobel Gowdie, a witch examined in 1662, to whom I have alluded in a previous note, was very specific upon this point. In order to become a hare, the following charm had to be repeated:—

I sall go intill a hare,
With sorrow, sigh, and meikle care;
And I sall go in the devil's name
Ay while I come hame again.

Long after Isobel Gowdie had perished at the stake, in consequence of her clear and articulate confession, Mrs Glass put forth her celebrated receipt for hare-soup, commencing with the direction—"First, catch your hare;" and it would appear that Isobel made, on one occasion, a very narrow escape from the pot. She thus recounted the adventure:—

"He (the devil) would send me now and then to Aulderne on some errands to my neighbours, in the shape of a hare. I was, one morning about the break of day, going to Aulderne in the shape of a hare, and Patrick Papley's servants, in Kilhill, being going to their labouring, his hounds, being with them, ran after me, being in the shape of a hare. I ran very long, but was forced, being weary, at last to take my own house. The door being left open, I ran in behind a chest, and the hounds followed in; but they went to the other side of the chest, and I was forced to run forth again, and won into another house, and there took leisure to say—

Hare, hare, God send thee care!
I am in a hare's likeness now,
But I sall be a woman e'en now;
Hare, hare, God send thee care!

And so I returned to my own shape, as I am at this instant, again. The dogs will sometimes get some bites of us when we are in hares, but will not get us killed. When we turn out of a hare's likeness to our own shape, we will have the bites, and rives, and scratches on our bodies. When we would be in the shape of cats, we did nothing but cry and wraw (caterwaul), and riving, and, as it were, worrying on one another; and when we come to our own shapes again, we will find the scratches and rives on our skins very sore. When one of us, or more, are in the shape of cats, and meet with any others, our neighbours, we will say—

Devil speed thee;
Go thou with me!

and immediately they will turn in the shape of a cat, and go with us. When we will be in the shape of crows, we will be larger than ordinary crows, and will sit upon branches of trees."—*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials:—Appendix.*

From this we may conclude that the Scottish witches were less gifted than the sorceress of Apuleius, unless we should accept the ingenious interpretation that the tale of the Latin author was a mere allegory to illustrate the axiom that an unscrupulous woman can always make an ass of her admirers. I doubt whether the author of the following ballad was acquainted with the work of Apuleius.

It is also to be remarked that, in this ballad, the Queen of Elfin is represented as counteracting the spell of the witch. That is certainly, as Mr Jamieson has remarked, more in accordance with the popular notion of the Lowlanders, who spoke of the fairy folk as "the Gude Neighbours," than with the old poetical fancy that they were leagued with the Prince of Darkness. The term "Seely Court" means the Court of the Happy People (from the German *Selig*); and Chaucer uses the phrase with the same significance. I cannot find, however, that the malignant sort of witches, the *veneficæ* and

cattle-slayers, were ever represented as being in favour at the Court of Fairie, though they were occasionally allowed a glimpse of its festivities. The gifts of the fairies were of a healing kind, though they brought no good-luck to the recipients, and were universally regarded by the Presbyteries as coming directly from the fiend.

I have altered one line of the ballad, to correct an obvious mistake.

O ALISON Gross, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And mony fair speech she made to me.

She straiked my head, and she kaim'd my hair,
And she set me down saftly on her knee;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
Sae mony braw things as I wad you gie."

She show'd me a mantle o' red scarlet,
Wi' gowden flowers and fringes fine;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This gudely gift it sall be thine."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch!
Haud far awa', and lat me be;
I never will be your leman sae true,
And I wish I were out o' your companie."

She neist brought a sark o' the saftest silk,
Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band

Says, "Gin ye will be my ain true-love,
This gudely gift ye may command."

She show'd me a cup o' the gude red gowd,
Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This gudely gift I will you gie."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch!
Haud far awa', and lat me be;
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth,
For a' the gifts that you could gie."

She's turn'd her richt and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;
And she sware by the moon, and the stars aboon,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,
And she's turn'd her three times round and round;
She's mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,
And I fell doun senseless on the ground.

She's turned me into an ugly worm,
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;
And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,
Auld Alison Gross, she cam' to me,

Wi' silver basin, and silver kaim,
To kaim my headie upon her knee;
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,
I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the Seely Court was riding by,
The Queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lie.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And she straiked me three times o'er her knee;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair need toddle about the tree.

LAMMIKIN.

Of this ballad there are numerous versions; differing not only in phraseology but in metre. The hero, if such a term is applicable to the bloodthirsty mason, has been celebrated under the names of Lammikin, Lamkin, Linkin, Belinkin, Bold Rankin, and Balcanqual; and has become, through the medium of injudicious servants, the prime terror of the Scottish nursery. Like most such ogres, he is a myth; at least I have never seen any satisfactory attempt at his identification, nor has any one discovered the locality of the castle which he built and baptised with blood.

In the following copy I have followed, for the most part, Mr Jamieson's rendering, which is, upon the whole, the best.

LAMMIKIN was a mason gude,
As ever built wi' stane;
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
But wages gat he nane.

"O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
O pay me now my fee."
"I canna pay you, Lammikin,
For I maun go o'er the sea."

"O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
Come, pay me out o' hand."
"I canna pay you, Lammikin,
Unless I sell my land."

"O gin ye winna pay me,
It's here I make a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
Ye shall hae cause to rue!"

Lord Wearie gat a bonny ship,
To sail the saut-sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he suld come hame.

But the nourice was a fause limmer,
As ever hung on tree;
She laid a plot wi' Lammikin,
When her lord was o'er the sea.

She laid a plot wi' Lammikin
When the servants were awa',
Loot him in a little shot-window,
And brought him to the ha'.

"O where is a' the men of this house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
"They're at the barn well thrashing,
'Twill be lang or they come in."

"And where's the women o' this house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
"They're at the far well washing,
'Twill be lang or they come in."

"And where's the bairns o' this house,
That ca' me Lammikin?"
"They're at the school reading,
'Twill be night or they come in."

"O where's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lammikin?"
"She's up in her bower sewing,
But we soon can bring her down."

Then Lammikin's ta'en a sharp knife,
That hung down by his gair,
And he has gi'en the bonny babe,
A sharp wound and a sair.

Then Lammikin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilka bore o' the cradle,
The red blude out sprang.

Then out it spak' the lady,
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting sae sair?

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the pap!"
"He winna still, lady,
For this nor for that."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the wand!"
"He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the bell!"
"He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel'."

O the firsten step she steppit,
She stepped on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met the Lammikin.

"O mercy, mercy, Lammikin!
Hae mercy upon me!
Tho' you've ta'en my young son's life,
Mysel' you may let be."

"O sall I kill her, nourice?
Or sall I let her be?"
"O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,
For she ne'er was gude to me."

"Then scour the basin, nourice,
And mak' it fair and clean;
For we maun keep her heart's blude,
She's come o' noble kin."

"There needs nae basin, Lammikin,
Let it run through the floor,
What better is the heart's blude,
O' the rich than o' the poor?"

She's lifted up her baby,
She's kist it cheek and chin,
And kist the lips ance rosy,
But nae breath was within.

Says, "Fareweel, my sweet baby,
Your bonny life is gane;
But I see my ain death coming,
Then why suld I mak' maen?"

So they hae ta'en this lady,
They hae tied her wi' bands,
And in her very heart's blude,
It's they hae dipp'd their hands.

But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie cam' again;
But dowie, dowie was his heart,
When first he cam' hame.

"O wha's blude is this," he says,
"That lies in the cham'er?"
"It is your lady's heart's blude,
It is as clear as lammer."*

"And wha's blude is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'?"
"It is your young son's heart's blude;
'Tis the clearest of a'."

O sweetly sang the blackbird
That sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lammikin,
When he was doom'd to die.

And bonny sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake,
But sairer grat the nourice,
When they tied her to the stake.

Amber.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

In Mr Chambers's very interesting work, "Domestic Annals of Scotland," there are many notices of the plague or pestilence which, down to the year 1665, was the terror of the country. These visitations were of the most deadly kind. In 1568, Edinburgh was so severely scourged that one-tenth of the population was cut off, in spite of the most stringent regulations for the removal of the infected. On that occasion the inhabitants of every house wherein the plague appeared, were compelled to remove with their goods and furniture to the Borough Muir, where we may presume they could find but indifferent shelter. On another occasion, the infected were shipped off to the little island of Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth. In 1585, the plague raged throughout Scotland, being most violent in Edinburgh, Stirling, St Andrews, Dunse, and Perth, in which last town one-sixth of the population died. Melville gives a graphic account of the appearance of the metropolis at this time. "On the morn, we made haste, and coming to Restalrig, disjuned, and, about eleven hours, came riding in at the Water-gate, up through the Canongate, and rade in at the Nether Bow, through the great street of Edinburgh to the West Port, in all whilk way we saw not three persons, sae that I miskenned Edinburgh, and almost forgot that I had ever seen sic a town." Mr Chambers quotes, from the Coltness collections, the following anecdote illustrative of the terror which the appearance of the plague struck into private families. "A remarkable incident happened to him (Sir Thomas Stewart) in his

youth, when the pestilence broke out in Edinburgh in 1645. He, with a son of Westshield, a merchant apprentice, had gone to a public-house, and received change of some money, and next day that house was shut up as infected with the plague. This gave a strong alarm at home. James Denham was sent for, and both were strictly examined as to every circumstance. Thomas had received the money in change, and so frightened were all that none would touch the pocket in which the money was, but at a distance; and after the pocket was cut out, it was with tongs cast in a fire, and both lads were shut up in a bed-chamber, sequestrate from all company, and had victuals at proper times handed in to them. While they thus stood their quarantine, by strength of imagination, or power of fancy, some fiery spots broke out on their arms and thighs, and they imagined no less than unavoidable death. They mutually lamented; Thomas had more courage and Christian resignation than his companion. 'James,' said he, 'let us trust in God and in the family prayers, for Jesus' sake, who, as he cures the plague of the heart, can, if we are infected, cure the most noisome disease of the body.' They both went to their knees, and joined in most solemn prayer, had much spiritual comfort; and in a fortnight were set at liberty, and the family retired to the country."

It was during this pestilence that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, daughters of the Lairds of Kinvaid and Lednoch, in Perthshire, built their bower on a romantic spot by the banks of the river Almond. Here they were supplied with their provisions by a young gentleman, a suitor of one or other of them; but unhappily he also brought with him the infection from the town of Perth, and they both died. All admirers of Scottish song are familiar with the air which bears their name; but the words, as usually sung, were composed by Allan Ramsay, and are comparatively modern. The old ballad now given, which is very sweet and simple, was recovered by Mr Sharpe.

O BESSIE Bell, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn-side,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,
They theekit it ower wi' heather;
But the pest cam' frae the burrows-toun,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirkyard,
Amang their noble kin,
But they maun lie in Dronoch Haugh,
To beek forenent the sun.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-side,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

BONNY MAY.

ANOTHER and much longer version of this ballad is given in the Border Minstrelsy, under the title of "The Original Ballad of the Broom of Cowdenknows." With regard to the propriety of that name, there may be some doubt, as the words do not seem to be well suited to the so-called air. I am inclined to think that the "Broom" is a mere amplification of the following ballad, which was printed by Mr Herd, and which is sung to an ancient air preserved in Johnson's "Museum."

IT was on an ev'ning sae saft and sae clear,
A bonny lass was milking the kye;
And by came a troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one o' them said unto her,
"Bonny lass, pr'ythee show me the way."
"O if I do sae it may breed me wae,
For langer I daurna stay."

But dark and misty was the night,
Before the bonny lass came hame;
"Now where hae ye been, my ae daughter?
I am sure you wasna your lane."

"O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree;
And aye while he spake he lifted his hat,
And bonny, bonny, blinkit his e'e."

Or e'er six months were past and gane,
Six months but and other three,
The lassie begud for to fret and to maen,
And think lang for his blinkin e'e.

"O wae be to my father's shepherd,
An ill death may he die;
He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,
And trysted a gentleman to me!"

It fell upon another fair evening,
The bonny lassie was milking her kye,
And by came the troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one of them stopt, and says to her,
"Wha's aught that baby you are wi'?"
The lassie began for to blush, and think,
"To a father as good as ye!"

"O haud your tongue, my bonny May,
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;
O dinna ye mind the misty night
I was in the bught wi' thee?"

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
And he has ta'en her hame;
"Now let your father bring hame the kye,
Ye ne'er mair shall ca' them again.

"I am a lord of castles and towers,
Wi' fifty ploughs o' land and three;
And I hae gotten the bonniest lass,
That is in this countrie."

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

A FEW stanzas of this ballad were printed as a fragment in Herd's collection. Sir Walter Scott inserted in the Border Minstrelsy a ballad called "Lady Anne," which does not appear to be ancient, though it refers to the same subject. Indeed, it is expressly stated that it was copied by Mr C. K. Sharpe from an old magazine. Messrs Motherwell and Buchan have both given versions from recitation which have a strong resemblance, except as to the burden. From these versions the following is constructed, with a refrain somewhat similar to that in Herd's copy.

SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,
Ah, well-a-day!
And there she has her twa babes born;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

She's riven the muslin frae her head,
Ah, well-a-day!
She's tied the babies hand and feet;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
Ah, well-a-day!
And there she ended baith their life;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

She has howked a hole beneath the moon,
Ah, well-a-day!
And there she's put the sweet babies in;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

And she's gane back to her father's ha',
Ah, well-a-day!
She's countit the lealest maid o' them a';
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

As she was standing at her bower door,
Ah, well-a-day!
Twa bonnie babes cam' her before;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"O look not sae, bonnie babes!" she said,
Ah, well-a-day!
"Gin ye smile sae ye'll smile me dead;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"O bonnie babes, gin ye were mine,
Ah, well-a-day!
I would dress you up in satins fine;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"O I would dress you in the silk,
Ah, well-a-day!
And wash you aye in morning milk;"
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"O wild mother, when we were thine,
Ah, well-a-day!
You clothed us not in silks sae fine;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"O cruel mother, we were thine,
Ah, well-a-day!
And then you made us wear the twine;
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

"But now we're in the heavens high,
Ah, well-a-day!
And you've the pains o' hell to try!"
The wind gaes by, and will not stay.

THE VISION.

Although the following composition can hardly be called a ballad, in the strict acceptation of the term, I am induced to place it in this collection as a remarkably vigorous specimen of Scottish poetry. From internal evidence, I conclude that it was written shortly after the period of the Union, probably about 1715; but the composer, whoever he was, intended it to be received as a poem of a remoter date, and therefore studiously adhered to the old alliterative style, phraseology, and quaint spelling which we occasionally find in the works of Gawin Douglas and other early Scottish authors. I have somewhat modernised the spelling, so as to render the poem more intelligible; but have otherwise adhered strictly to the text. I do not know when it was first printed, but I find it included in the Perth collection of Morison. I may mention that this poem was a great favourite of the late Venerable Principal Macfarlan of Glasgow, whom I have heard recite whole stanzas with much animation.

I.

BEDOWN the bents of Banquo brae,
My lane I wandered, waif and wae,
Musing our main mischance;
How by the foes we are undone,
That stole the sacred stane frae Scone,
And led us sic a dance.

While England's Edwards take our towers,
And Scotland ferst obeys,
Rude ruffians ransack royal bowers,
And Baliol homage pays;
Through feedom, our freedom
Is blotted with this score,
What Roman's, or no man's
Pith could ere do before.

II.

The air grew rough with bousteous thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit thro' the clouds,
Maist like a drunken wight;
The thunder crack'd, and flauchts did rift
Frae the black vizard of the lift;
The forest shook with fright:
Nae birds aboon their wing exten',
They dought not bide the blast;
Ilk beast bedeen bang'd to their den,
Until the storm was past:
Ilk creature in nature
That had a spunk of sense,
In need then, with speed then,
Methought cried, "IN DEFENCE!"

III.

To see a morn in May sae ill,
I deem'd dame Nature was gane will
To roar with reckless reel;
Wherefore to put me out of pain,
And sconce my scap and shanks frae rain,
I bore me to a biel',

Up a high craig that lung'd alaft,
Out owre a canny cave,
A curious cruif of Nature's craft
Which to me shelter gave ;
There vexed, perplexed,
I lean'd me down to weep ;
In brief there, with grief there,
I dotter'd owre on sleep.

IV.

Here Somnus in his silent hand
Held all my senses at command,
While I forgot my care ;
The mildest meed of mortal wights,
Who pass in peace the private nights,
That, waking, finds it rare.
So in saft slumbers did I lie,
But not my wakerife mind,
Which still stood watch, and could espy
A man with aspect kind,
Right auld-like, and bauld-like,
With beard three-quarters scant,
Sae brave-like, and grave-like,
He seem'd to be a sanct.

V.

Great daring darted frae his eye,
A broadsword shoggled at his thigh,
On his left arm a targe ;
A shining spear fill'd his right hand,
Of stalwart make, in bone and brawn,
Of just proportions large ;

A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Owre his left spaul he threw,
Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers grew;
Amazed, I gazed
To see, led at command,
A strampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

VI.

Which held a thistle in its paw,
And round his collar grav'd I saw
This posy, pat and plain;
"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET." In Scots, *None shall oppress*
Me, unpunished with pain!
Still shaking, I durst naething say,
Till he, with kind accent,
Said; "Fere! Let not thy heart affray
I come to hear thy plaint;
Thy groaning and moaning
Hath lately reach'd mine ear;
Debar then, afar then
All eiriness or fear.

VII.

"For I am one of a high station,
The Warden of this ancient nation,
And cannot do thee wrong."
I vissy'd him then round about;
Syne, with a resolution stout,
Speir'd—Where he had been sae lang?

Quoth he; "Although I some forsook,
Because they did me slight,
To hills and glens I me betook,
To them that loves me right;
Whose minds yet, inclines yet
To dam the rapid spate,
Devising, and prizing
Freedom at ony rate.

VIII.

"Our traitor peers their tyrants treat,
Who gibe them, and their substance eat,
And on their honour stamp.
They, puir degenerates, bend their backs,
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp.
While true men, sair complaining, tell
With sobs their silent grief,
How Baliol their rights did sell,
With small hope of relief.
Regretting, and fretting
Ay at his cursed plot,
Who rammed, and crammed
That bargain down their throat.

IX.

"Brave gentry swear, and burghers ban;
Revenge is mutter'd by each clan
That's to their nation true.
The cloisters come to cun the evil,
Mail-payers wish it to the devil,
With its contriving crew.

The hardy would with hearty wills
Upon dire vengeance fall;
The feckless fret owre heughs and hills,
And echo answers all;
Repeating, and greeting,
With mony a sair alace,
For blasting and casting
Our honour in disgrace!"

X.

"Wae's me!" quoth I, "Our case is bad;
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sin' this disgraceful paction.
We're fell'd and harried now by force,
And hardly help for't, that's yet worse,
We are sae forborne wi' faction.
Then has he not good cause to grumble,
That's forc'd to be a slave?
Oppression does the judgment jumble,
And gars a wise man rave.
My chains then, and pains then,
Infernal be their hire,
Who dang us and flang us
Into this ugsome mire!"

XI.

Then he with bauld forbidding look,
And stately air did me rebuke,
For being of sprite sae mean.
Said he; "It's far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, when his lot
May sometime sour his spleen.

He rather should, mair like a man,
Some brave design attempt,
Gif it's not in his pith, what then?
Rest but a while content;
Not fearful, but cheerful,
And wait the will of fate,
Which minds to, designs to
Renew your ancient state.

XII.

"I ken some mair than do ye all
Of what shall afterward befall,
In mair auspicious times;
For often, far above the moon,
We watching beings do convene,
Frae round earth's utmost climes;
Where every Warden represents
Clearly his nation's case,
Gif famine, pest, or sword torments,
Or villains high in place,
Who keep aye, and heap aye
Up to themselves great store,
By runging, and spunging
The leal laborious poor."

XIII.

"Say then," said I, "at your high state,
Learn'd ye aught of auld Scotland's fate
Gif e'er she'll be hersell?"
With smile celest, quoth he; "I can,
But it's not fit a mortal man
Should ken all I can tell:

But part to thee I may unfold,
And thou may'st safely ken;
When Scottish peers slight Saxon gold,
And turn true-hearted men;
When knavery and slavery
Are equally despis'd,
And loyalty and royalty
Universally are priz'd—

XIV.

"When all your trade is at a stand,
And cunzie clean forsakes the land,
Which will be very soon,
Will priests without their stipends preach?
For nought will lawyers causes stretch?
Faith! that's na easy done.
All this, and mair, maun come to pass
To clear your glamour'd sight,
And Scotland maun be made an ass
To set her judgment right.
They'll jade her, and bleed her,
Until she break her tether;
Though auld she is, yet bauld she is,
And tough like barked leather.

XV.

"But mony a corpse shall breathless lie,
And wae shall mony a widow cry,
Or all run right again;
O'er Cheviot, prancing proudly north,
The foes shall take the field near Forth,
And think the day their ain.

But burns that day shall run with blood
Of them that now oppress,
Their carcases be corbies' food
By thousands on the grass.
A king then shall reign then
Of wise renown and brave,
Whose puissance and sapience
Shall right restore and save."

XVI.

"The view of freedom's sweet!" quoth I,
"O say, great tenant of the sky,
How near's that happy time?"
"We ken thing but by circumstance;
Nae mair," quoth he, "I may advance
Lest I commit a crime."
"Whate'er ye please, gae on," quoth I,
"I shall not fash ye more,
Say how, and where ye meet, and why,
As ye did hint before."
With air then, sae fair then,
That glanc'd like rays of glory,
Sae god-like, and odd-like
He thus resum'd his story.

XVII.

"Frae the sun's rising to his set,
All the prime rate of Wardens met,
In solemn bright array,
With vehicles of æther clear,
Such we put on when we appear
To souls row'd up in clay;

There in a wide and splendid hall,
Reared up with shining beams,
Whose roof-trees were of rainbows all,
And paved with starry gleams,
That prinkled, and twinkled
Brightly beyond compare,
Much famed, and named
The Castle in the Air.

XVIII.

"In midst of which a table stood,
A spacious oval, red as blood,
Made of a fire-flaucht;
Around the dazzling walls were drawn,
With rays by a celestial hand,
Full many a curious draught.
Inferior beings flew in haste,
Without guide or director,
Millions of miles, through the wild waste,
To bring in bowls of nectar.
Then roundly, and soundly
We drank like Roman gods,
When Jove sae does rove sae,
That Mars and Bacchus nods.

XIX.

"When Phœbus' head turns light as cork,
And Neptune leans upon his fork,
And limping Vulcan blethers;
When Pluto glowers as he were wild,
And Cupid, love's wee winged child,
Falls down, and fyles his feathers.

When Pan forgets to tune his reed,
And flings it careless by,
And Hermes, wing'd at heels and head,
Can neither stand nor lie.
When staggering and swaggering,
They stoiter home to sleep;
While sentries and entries
Immortal watches keep.

XX.

"Thus we took in the high brown liquor,
And bang about the nectar bicker;
But ever with this odds—
We ne'er in drink our judgments drench,
Nor scour about to seek a wench,
Like these auld bawdy gods;
But frankly at each other ask
What's proper we should know,
How each one has performed the task
Assigned to him below.
Our mind then, sae kind then,
Is fixed upon our care,
Aye noting, and plotting
What tends to their weelfare.

XXI.

"Gothus and Vandal baith look'd bluff,
While Gallus sneered and took a snuff,
Which made Almaine to stare;
Latinus bade him nothing fear,
But lend his hand to holy weir,
And of cow'd crowns tak' care.

Batavius, with his puddock-face,
Looking asquint, cried, 'Pish!
Your monks are void of sense or grace,
I had lever fight for fish.
Your school-men are fool-men,
Carv'd out for dull debates,
Decoying, and destroying
Baith monarchies and states.'

XXII.

"Iberius, with a gurly nod,
Cried, 'Hogan, yes, we ken your god,
It's herrings ye adore!'
Heptarchus, as he used to be,
Cannot with his ain thoughts agree,
But varies back and fore.
One while he says, it is not right
A monarch to resist;
Next brave all royal power will slight,
And passive homage jest.
He hitches and fitches,
Being the *hic* and *hoc*,
Aye geeing, and fleeing
Round like a weather-cock.

XXIII.

"I still support my precedence
Aboon them all, for sword and sense,
Though I have lain right lown;
Which was because I bore a grudge
At some fool Scots, who liked to drudge
To princes not their own.

Some Thanes their tenants pyk'd and squeez'd,
And purs'd up all their rent.
Syne wallop'd to far courts, and bleez'd
Till riggs and shaws were spent.
Syne binding, and whinding,
When thus reduced to howps,
They dander, and wander
About, puir lick-ma-dowps!

XXIV.

"But now it's time for me to draw
My shining sword against club-law,
And gar my lion roar;
He shall or lang gie sic a sound,
The echo shall be heard around
Europe, frae shore to shore.
Then let them gather all their strength,
And strive to work my fall;
Though numerous, yet at the length
I will o'ercome them all;
And raise yet, and blaze yet,
My bravery and renown,
By gracing and placing
Aright the Scottish crown.

XXV.

"When my brave Bruce the same shall wear
Upon his royal head, full clear
The diadem will shine;
Then shall your sair oppression cease,
His interest's yours; he will not fleece,
Nor leave you ere incline:

Though millions to his purse be lent,
You'll ne'er the puirer be,
But rather richer, while it's spent
Within the Scottish sea.
The field then shall yield then
To honest husband's wealth ;
Good laws then shall cause then
A sickly state have health."

XXVI.

While thus he talk'd, methought there came
A wonder-fair ethereal dame,
And to our Warden said :—
" Great Caledon ! I come in search
Of you frae the high starry arch,
The Council wants your aid.
Frae every quarter of the sky,
As swift as a whirlwind,
With spirits' speed, the chieftains hie ;
Some great thing is designed.
Owre mountains, by fountains,
And round each fairy ring,
I've chased ye—O haste ye,
They talk about your King !"

XXVII.

With that my hand, methought, he shook,
And wished I happiness might brook
To eild by night and day ;
Syne, quicker than an arrow's flight,
He mounted upwards frae my sight,
Straight to the milky-way.

My mind him followed thro' the skies,
  Until the briny stream
For joy ran trickling frae mine eyes,
  And wak'd me frae my dream.
Then peeping, half sleeping,
  Frae furth my royal bield,
It eased me and pleased me
  To see and smell the field.

XXVIII.

For Flora, in her clean array,
New washen with a shower of May,
  Looked full sweet and fair;
While her clear husband frae above,
Shed down his rays of genial love,
  Her sweets perfum'd the air.
The winds were hush'd, the welkin clear'd,
  The glooming clouds were fled,
And all as saft and gay appear'd
  As ane Elysian shed;
While heezed, and bleezed
  My heart with sic a fire,
As raises these praises
  That do to heaven aspire.

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